

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

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Dedicated to a Better America—Education Week, Dec. 3-9



Buddy's Page

My Objective—
"A magazine
you'll be proud of."

Buddy's Sidekicker— General Cooperation

R. J. Murray, Commander, West
End Post No. 313, New York, says:

In order to stimulate the reactions of our members and our auxiliary members to "Buddy in the Barrel" and to the advertisements in our Weekly, we have conducted a canvass of them all and it would really astonish you to find that all active members are greatly influenced in their purchases by the ads. All responded promptly to our suggestion that we must patronize those who patronize us.

Charles A. Sheffer, of Sheffer
Brothers, Fennville, Mich., says
in a letter to the Weekly:

I wish you would convey to Wilson Brothers the appreciation and response of our local post to the clever and influential advertising they are doing in our Weekly. The local haberdasher who specializes in their goods, Ray Raymond Co., will attest to the fine business they are getting on these nationally known goods. The boys not only appreciate this copy given the Weekly, but they always show a marked preference for all goods advertised in the columns of our magazine. I have bought these goods exclusively from Mr. Raymond to show my appreciation.

Buddy Out in the Cruel, Cold Rain

That is the most unkindest cut of all—Buddy out in the rain and snow and no raincoat to protect the skin the seam squirrels loved to touch.

"Let the elements shower down on him," raincoat advertisers must say to themselves, "that old boy came through a war where it rained heavier and more deadly things than H₂O."

"After a few swings around the corners of No Man's Land, Buddy will find the rain and snow of his own U. S. A. milder than a rookie's comeback to a call down by the colonel."

The Old Stave Hero may be no angel, but if the manufacturers of raincoats sold through dealers keep on passing him up like a buck on leave passing up slum, he'll soon be sprouting wings.

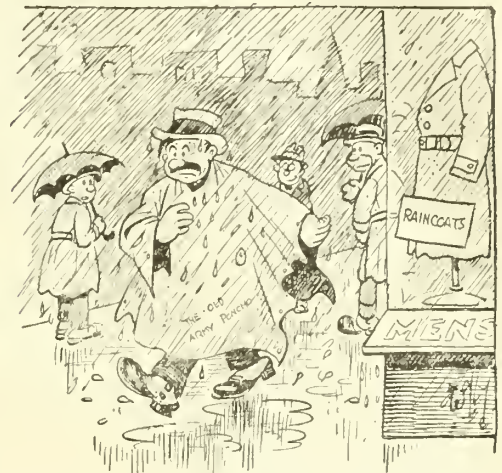
That service raincoat was a good sheet sometimes, but she gave her all in being used as a mattress, tent fly, bivvy flap, pillow, wind shield, wood box, spud carrier and mule blanket.

Buddy may still have his service slicker, but he's a stylish bird nowadays and it doesn't fit in with his other clothing equipment, no more than a pair of senegambian knucklebones fitted in on a blanket set for inspection.

Think what it would have meant to you in sunny France if some hard-boiled bimbo had sailed along your puppet street front shouting "all out without raincoats."

Let's get this cuckoo a raincoat. Everybody chip in a coupon. Give the little St ve Hero the dot and dash that you are with him stronger than a clam's shoehorn.

Take a hand in the old coupon game—clip and mail now. If you hesitate, Buddy is lost.



To the Advertising Manager, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.
I would like to see advertised with us the following make of raincoat:

Give reason.....

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark.....dealer.....salesman

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTO ACCESSORIES	
VVVVElectric Storage Battery Co.	
VLiberty Top & Tire Co.	
BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS	
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VV E. Collier & Son Co.	
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G. & C. Merflem Co.	
VVNelson Doubleday	Back Cover
VVVVThe Pathfinder Pub. Co.	
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Acorn Brass Mfg. Co.	
V Air Friction Carburetor	29
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V Clio Talk Co.	
VVJ. S. Denison & Co.	28
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Edwards Import Trading Co.	22
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VVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co.	
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VJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	
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JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS	
Albert's Watch Co.	29

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue; and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

VVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division	20 & 31
V L. Basch	3
VConsolidated Watch Co.	
V Crescent Co.	
VWing De Roy & Son	28
VVVV K. Grouse Co.	
VVB. Gutter & Sons	24
VWolffs Brothers & Co.	30
V J. M. Lyon & Co.	20
V Royal Diamond & Watch Co.	25
VVVVSanta Fe Watch Co.	
MEDICINAL	
VHamer & Black	
V Bayer Tablets of Aspirin	
VAlutroline Co.	
MEN'S WEAR	
VCheney Brothers	19
VVVHett, P. & Body & Co.	26
VThe Florsheim Shoe Co.	
VVF. V. Frankel	26 & 28
V Guarantee Trading Co.	
VHart Schaffner & Marx	4
VHoleproof Hosiery Co.	
V Kazon & Co.	
VNu-Way Street Suspender Co.	25
VPublic Trading Co.	
VVReliance Mfg. Co.	
VWissell's, Inc.	28
MISCELLANEOUS	
VVVFBuchstein Co.	
V Cole & Co.	24
V Continental Scale Works	
V Perry & Co.	30
V Honor Framing Co.	
V Philadelphia Key Co.	
V Universal Distributors	24

of ADVERTISERS

our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

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Vacu Filter Sales Co.	25
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VVVHuescher Band Instrument Co.	
VVV C. G. Conn, Ltd.	
V E. Ortol Co.	
Wilson Bros. Mfg. Co.	
PATENT ATTORNEYS	
VVVVVV Lacey & Lacey	23
V J. L. Jackson & Co.	30
SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION	
VVAmerican School	
VVAmerican Technical Society	
V Cleveland Salesman's Training School	30
VVColumbus Institute	29
V Federal School, Inc.	
VVVVFranklin Institute	27
V Villnols College of Photography	
V National Automotive School	
VVPatterson Civil Service School	
VVVVStandard Business Training Institute	
VVVUnited Y. M. C. A. School	23
SMOKERS' NEEDS	
VVVVAmerican Tobacco Co.	
VVVVJaggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	
V Lyons Mfg. Co.	
SPORTS AND RECREATION	
V E. T. Burrows Co.	29
VVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co.	
VVVHendex Mfg. Co.	
VVRussell's, Inc.	
V Thos. E. Wilson	
STATIONERY AND WRITING MATERIAL	
VVVVEaton, Crane & Pike Co.	24
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V J. B. Williams Co.	
V Twinplex Sales Co.	
TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION	
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TYPEWRITERS	
V Volyer Typewriter Co.	
VVVTypewriter Emporium	22
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V Elmer Richards	27

THEY
ADVERTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV TWO, VVV THREE, VVVV FOUR AND FIVE STRIPES ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE SIX STRIPES ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," Issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

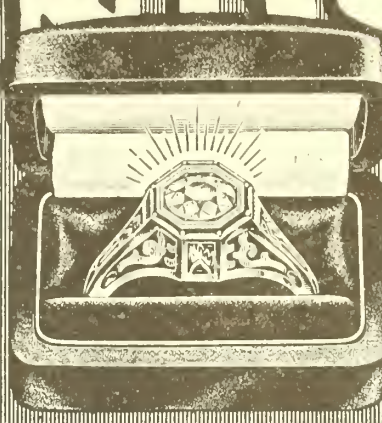
Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY
ADVERTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE

DIAMONDS

\$97.50

PER CARAT



Genuine Diamonds Reduced!

A slashing of diamond prices by Basch in time for Christmas! Prices back to \$97.50 per carat. Nothing like this in years. A sensational under-selling of the market. A chance to save from 35% to 50%. A saving made possible by our recent importations. On account of the increased buying power of the American dollar in Europe, we were able to make large purchases far below market prices.

Send No Money

Just select from our catalog the diamond you would like to see and we will send it to you for free examination. No money down—no obligation to buy. If you decide that you don't want to keep diamond, return at our expense and you won't owe us a cent.

1/4 Carat—Graceful Design

Fine 18K Solid Belais White Gold New Style Basket Ring mounting, full hand engraved pierced sides, Octagon top set with 1/4 carat diamond. No. A-109. Complete. \$29.75

1/2 Carat—A Magnificent Effect

Fine 18K Solid Belais White Gold Ring mounting, latest Basket design, beautifully hand carved and pierced, with two Blue Sapphires. Square top, set with 1/2 carat diamond. No. A-121...Complete. \$68.75

\$68.75

\$29.75



FREE BOOK

Write today for our big Diamond Book. See the extraordinary diamond bargains we are offering. Rare values also in fine watches, cutlery, silverware, etc. Mail coupon today. Book comes FREE and postpaid. *Everything in diamond jewelry shown in this big book—and everything at the new cut in price. See the amazing offerings.*

We Send Everything Prepaid in Handsome Gift Cases

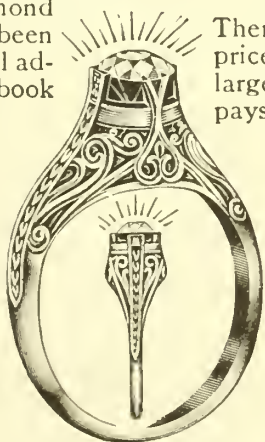
If a fine diamond is wanted for gift purpose—here are opportunities too great to let pass! Diamond Headquarters have NOT been forced to follow the general advance in prices. Our new book is full of similar bargains in diamonds of many grades. Our plan of selling direct by mail enables us to offer diamonds now at startling prices in every good grade.

There is nothing to add to the prices quoted here or in our large free bargain book. Basch pays delivery, and boxes everything attractively for gift purposes.

\$107.50

Money-Back Guarantee

We guarantee the carat weight, quality and value of every diamond in our catalog. We give a legal binding contract to refund in cash full price less 10% should you wish to return your diamond for any reason. We also guarantee to allow full price in exchange any time.



1 Carat—A Wonder Value

Fine 18K solid Belais White Gold Ring mounting, elaborately carved and pierced with four prongs. Set with 1 carat diamond. No. A-139. Complete...\$107.50

Do not hesitate to ask for anything and everything you would like to see for inspection—gladly sent on approval. It is a pleasure to show old customers and new customers *by actual comparison of the goods* that this is by far the lowest-priced house in America in diamonds and jewelry of the better kind.

Clip Coupon NOW!

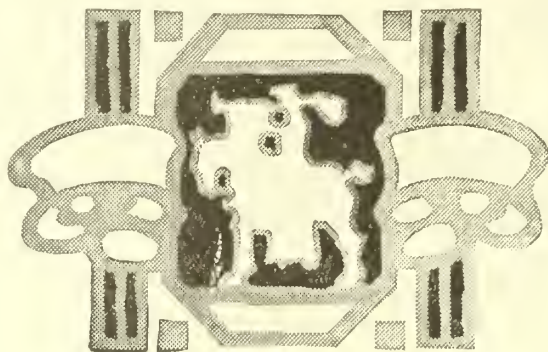


L. BASCH & CO., Dept. L-9
State and Quincy Sts., Chicago

Gentlemen—Please send me your big free book, telling about your price cut in diamonds and showing your full array of diamond jewelry.

Name.....

Address.....



Good clothes certainly pay

Many a young man in business
has first attracted the attention of
his "chief" by being well dressed
"Looks like a comer," says the
higher up

The neighbors nod their heads,
"Pretty substantial citizen"

Even the children notice it; they
are proud of a "nice looking Dad"

Most important of all, "she" likes
to see you in stylish clothes

*You're sure of being
well dressed in ours*

Hart Schaffner & Marx

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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Arms and the Young Idea



Is the Time Ripe to Implant in the Mind of the School Child an Utter Abhorrence of War?

By Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan

SOLDIERS are frequently asked whether it is not in the interest of the peace of the world that the school children of the land be made to understand the cruelty and wastefulness of war, and whether in that connection it would not be advisable to keep from them all that would tend in any way to glorify war.

It is obviously true that the impressions gained during the schooling period are lasting impressions, and tend mightily to affect the later views and convictions of manhood and womanhood. What the Germans did, in preparation for war, with several generations of German boys and girls, is well known. Undoubtedly, the efforts made to imbue the school children of Germany with a spirit of sacrifice for the Fatherland, to have them believe in the primary necessity for the maintenance of a great army, in the invincibility of that army, and in the dominating importance of the part played in history by soldiers had much to do with the remarkable morale of the German Army during the World War and with the willingness of the soldiers of that army to continue the fight after the outcome seemed, even to them, hopeless.

Before the World War, the Germans frequently employed a maxim for the purpose of steeling the hearts and imaginations of their young men in preparation for the trials and suffering of battle, and to minimize the effects of temporary military reverses. The phrase was, "Durch Nacht und Blut zu Licht"—"Through darkness and blood to light." What is worth having must be contended for, which was interpreted to mean, fought for. And in the fighting, one must expect incidental sacrifices and reverses. One could expect, in short, to emerge into the light of victory only through the blood of sacrifice and the darkness of reverses.

One interested in the problem of developing the readiness of a people for war will find much of psychologic interest in a study of the efforts of the German government to that end during the period from the termination of the Franco-Prussian War to the commencement of the World War. Apparently, very little was left undone to increase the value of the German Army as a fighting machine, particularly by the helpful cultivation of the minds of the German youth who were later to constitute that army.

Passions growing out of the war are still so warm, and the spectacle of Germany's complete defeat is so overpowering, that the mass of our people fail to recognize the really great spirit of sacrifice maintained by the German people throughout the war. What a tremendous morale they must have possessed to enable them to continue their sacrifices in the face of continued de-

feat. Recognition of their martial qualities in no way justifies the German policy which brought on the war or excuses the hypnosis which the German people permitted themselves to suffer by dictate of their military masters.

No subject can be profitably discussed unless facts are frankly considered and their respective influences determined, and an outstanding fact of the World War is that the Germans possessed a magnificent army. More remarkable than the efficiency of its weapons was the human element—its morale, its organization, and its military leadership. And in relation to its morale, it is hardly possible to over-emphasize the influence upon its development of the boyhood training of its soldiers, and, it might be added, by the schoolgirl training of the women of the families of its soldiers.

The question therefore naturally arises, if recourse to the psychologic devices of the military system in the school training of children can be made to develop them into men and women ready and even eager for war when their government calls, is it not reasonable to believe that the suppression of the use of such devices during the period of school training, and the substitution of other psychologic counter-acting devices and artifices, would develop men and women having a detestation of war, and perhaps even possessed of a determination never to contribute, directly or indirectly, by service or otherwise, to the prosecution of any war? I think the answer to this question, conservatively stated, is that undoubtedly very much can be done by early training, carried on intelligently and persistently throughout the school system of any country, to produce, at least among the great majority of those who become the products of such a system, a very hearty abhorrence of war, and

TWENTY-FIVE years of service from private to A. E. F. division commander, member of the New York bar, the recipient of an LL.D. from his own college, New York University, at present commander of the 27th Division and a member of the New York Transit Commission—qualifications such as these lend unusual weight to General O'Ryan's opinions on the question of the treatment of war in our school curricula. General O'Ryan's article will appeal to readers of this magazine with double force; first, because of the Legionnaire's acute interest in the subject on its own account, thanks to his own first-hand experiences with war, and second, because of the close approach of National Education Week, December 3d to 9th, in which the Legion's influence will be strongly felt throughout the schools of the country.

among many of them a determination to refuse participation in what they have been made to believe is never justifiable.

The next question, and a very practical one, is to what extent, if at all, should such a policy of training be inaugurated in our own country at this time. That such a policy is seriously proposed is attested by the public utterances of sincere people who believe in its effectiveness to lessen the probability of war. Undoubtedly some of the peace societies, in their efforts to contribute something toward the creation of a better world, go so far as to advocate a policy of this character.

Before undertaking to comment upon the desirability of inaugurating such a policy in our country, it is due the importance of the subject to consider some aspects of war, the justification of ever resorting to war, and the probabilities of our having to resort to war, either for self-preservation or for any other justifiable reason. War, of course, has been defined many times. In brief, it is the utilization of force for the accomplishment of the national will. This force known as war is often resorted to when diplomacy fails. A nation may, of course, fail through diplomacy to accomplish the national will and not go so far as to resort to war. Recourse may be had, for example, to a tariff war, to the severance of official relations for a period of time as a protest or rebuke to the other government or governments concerned. But when war does occur, it is to be recognized as an abnormal state of human relations. Its prosecution is contrary to the fundamental teachings of Christianity. War certainly is a flouting of the doctrine of brotherly love, of turning the other cheek, and of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

Writers, of course, have undertaken to explain away the anomaly presented by a Christian people engaged in war. Some of them have made a considerable success of their efforts. But soldiers, at least, should be sufficiently frank to recognize the fact that the killing and maiming of war and the rancor and hatred that are by-products of war are entirely out of harmony with the conception of correct living laid down by the Founder of Christianity. Soldiers, however, have not found it necessary to give much consideration to the moral aspect of war as such. Their official field lies on the technical side, and furthermore, whatever qualms of conscience soldiers may have in regard to their participation in war, these have usually been anesthetized by the exhortations of justification made by those whose duty it is to have a more profound knowledge of Christianity. So it was during the World War, when Christians on opposing sides, engaged

in the attempt to exterminate each other, were stimulated in their efforts by the impressive appeals of their leading Christians, who raised their voices in prayer to the common God to strengthen and make more effective the work of their respective armies.

teachers of all religions. The general idea was expressed in the phrase so often heard: "A war to end war."

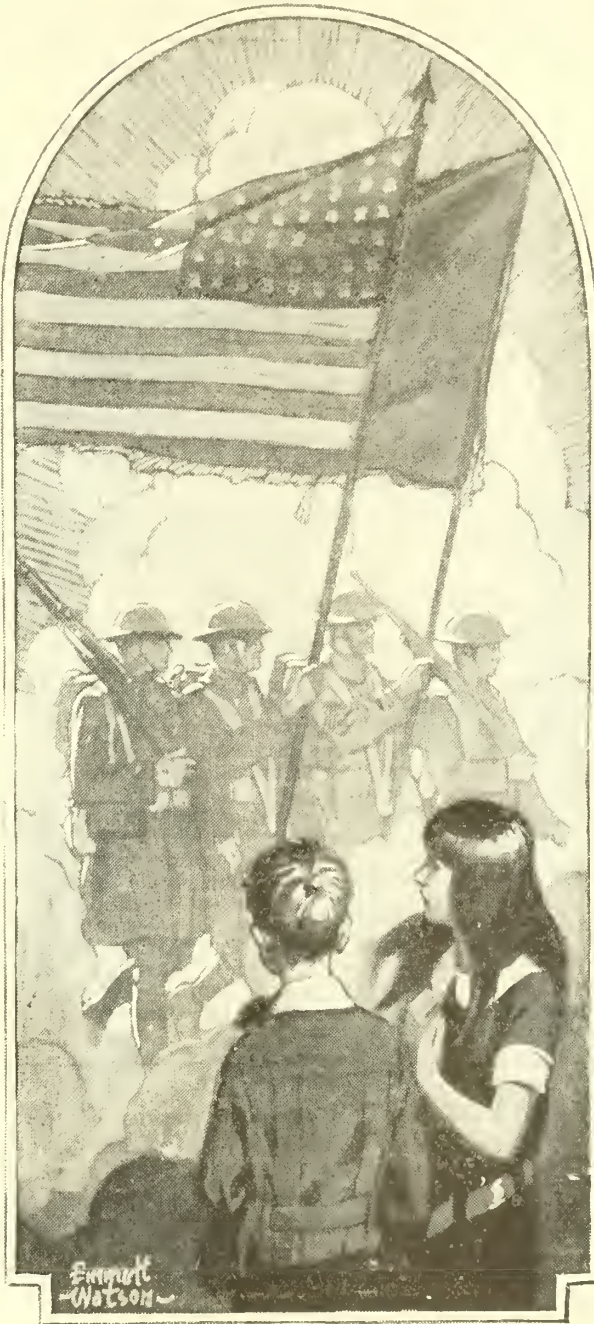
We cannot gain a true concept of war unless we remind ourselves that wars have marked the life of man upon this earth from the earliest time of

which we have record. To state this is not to conclude that the future of human relations will continue to be marked by frequent recourse to war, any more than to have held some years ago that because man had never flown in the air from the beginning of time he never would fly. It seems only yesterday when grown-up men of education, in discussing the gliding flights of the Wright brothers, averred with heated impatience that the time never would come when man would remain in the air for more than a few seconds. The average sensible man believes firmly that the time is not far distant when the relations of men upon this earth will be governed by rules of justice and fair dealing as effective and commonplace as are the laws which govern the relations of the peoples of the several States of our own Union. It is obvious, however, to the most optimistic of us that this time has not yet arrived, in spite of the untold sacrifices of the World War. Much, apparently, remains to be done in the way of organization, of effort, of education, and of agreement, before the hope expressed in the phrase, "a war to end war," can be made effective.

Quite generally throughout the world, the mass of mankind would advance the inevitable time when an effective organization will maintain world order. The majority of every people in the world would undoubtedly advance that time to the immediate future, but thus far they have been unorganized for the attainment of their common purpose. Their prayers and their hopes have not been translated, except here and there, into effective action. And where there has been a contribution toward the end sought in the form of effective action, such action has been unco-ordinated with similar efforts elsewhere. No great cause has ever progressed far without great leadership, and recently there has not been, in a world sense at least, any great leadership in this fruitful field of effort of sufficient might to call forth a great and unanimous response from the millions who are ready and who wait only the recognition of that leadership.

That is the situation as it exists today. Stated in another way, it means that the governments of the world, in formulating their national policies, are still unhampered by any police power of the world. They are circumscribed only by the composite conscience of their own leaders and by the relation

(Continued on page 30)

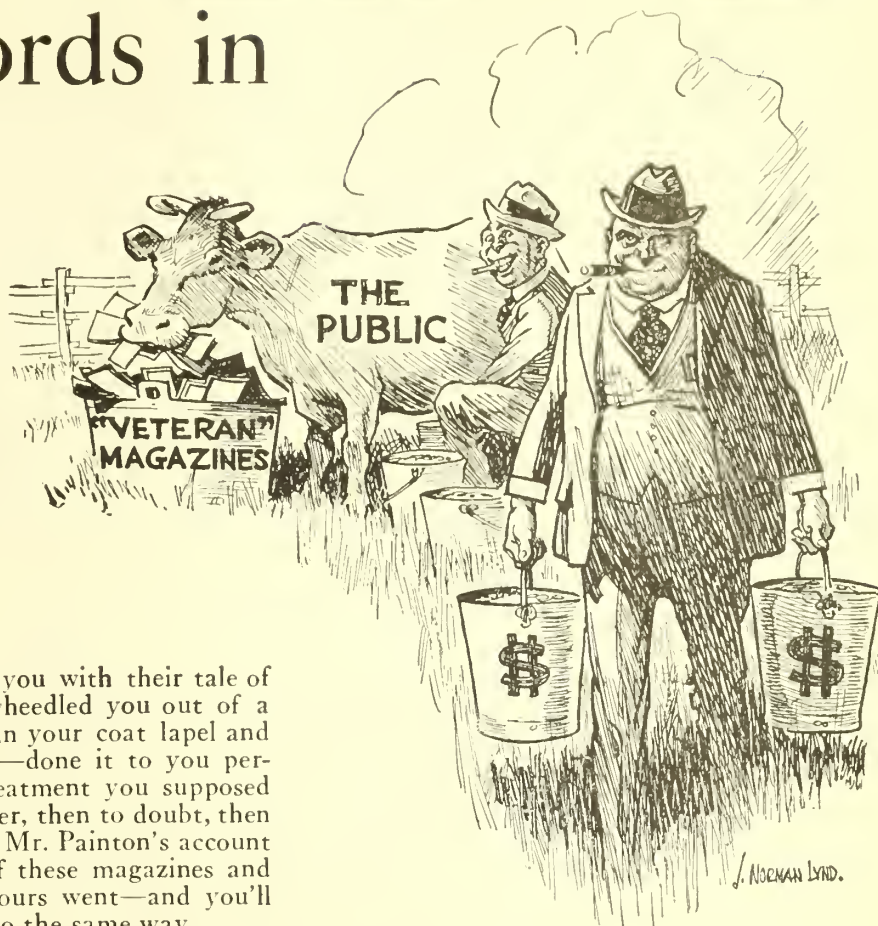


As I estimated the point of view of the average soldier of our war army—and I had an intimate acquaintance with the habits and thoughts of many of them—I came to believe that he recognized the inconsistency of Christians doing the things that war impels men to do, but that he justified his participation in the war because of the conviction that the success of the Allies was a step toward the realization of the fundamental teachings of Christianity. By the fundamental teachings of Christianity is meant, of course, those general rules of proper human relations that are subscribed to alike by the

Wallingfords in (or near) O. D.

Patriotism Is As Patriotism Does in the Case of Cer- tain "Veteran" Publications

By Frederick C. Painton



They've pulled it on *you*—gone up to you with their tale of woe and armful of magazines and wheedled you out of a quarter on the strength of the button in your coat lapel and the scrap of uniform which they wore—done it to you perhaps until your indignation at the treatment you supposed they were receiving gave way to wonder, then to doubt, then to another kind of indignation. Read Mr. Painton's account of his personal investigation of some of these magazines and you'll learn where those quarters of yours went—and you'll see to it that no more quarters go the same way.

IN almost every city, east, west, north and south, you will find them. You recall the smooth-talking chap wearing some part of an O. D. or navy blue uniform, either the blouse or the trousers, the spirals or the Munson last shoes, in order to suggest that he took a minor part in the late guerre. The youngish-looking man who stepped up to you while you were with your girl, your wife, your mother or your sister; who shoved a copy of a strange, gaudily-covered magazine under your nose and asked you to buy, glibly explaining, possibly, that the money was to be used for the relief of disabled or needy veterans. And you recall that when you gave him a piece of money that clinked twenty-five cents worth, it joined other clinks worth the same amount secured in the same way.

It seemed the right thing to do. The girl said, "Oh, John, do let's help the poor chaps," and you felt the same way, thinking that if you got over and back whole-skinned, you ought to help those who didn't; and if you didn't get in at all you ought to help those who did.

It was a natural reaction to help, a human and praiseworthy impulse, especially gratifying if the money went to help the vast group of physically and economically disabled ex-service men.

But it didn't.

Seventeen cents of the quarter, or thereabouts, remained to clink in the pocket of the salesman; eight cents, more or less, clinked into the pocket of the publisher. As for the magazine—one glance, and, nine times out of ten, it was flipped into the wastepaper can.

This typical method of preying on

the sentimentality of a snap-judgment public was the reason for the existence of numerous "veteran magazines," ostensibly dedicated to the righting of the World War veteran's wrongs of various kinds, which sprang up like toadstools in the night, waxing fat in a rain of sentimental twenty-five cent pieces, and which, remaining in business, comprise now an interesting industry. Shrieking their allegiance to the cause of the veterans, sobbing out blurbs about the "glorious 'eroes sleeping in the parks," they solicit aid at twenty-five cents an aid, no fraction of which ninety-nine and nine-tenths percent of the veterans, in need of assistance or not, ever see.

As they are capitalizing the reputation that five million men built during the war, it is of great concern to know whether or not their operations are prejudicial to our interests.

Many of these publications which appeared in various parts of the country have come and gone, but the dozen-odd that are still in existence are, apparently, hardier than ever. Their especial stronghold is in the East where several of them, operating on a national basis with agents scattered over the country, are thriving. The business methods of all of them are about the same. The editor, or publisher, merely sells his product by wholesale to agents who, in turn, retail it to the public and keep the profits, the profits being, in comparison with those involved in the normal magazine sale, grotesquely high. A few of these publications will do for dissecting purposes. Let us examine them closely and apply a little acid.

First, we will take "Treat 'em

Square," now receiving mail at 58 Vesey Street, New York City. Of this class of magazine published in New York, it is the only one to hold a second-class mailing privilege and the only one that approximates a real magazine in make-up, although it is really only a notch or less low in general worthlessness of content than its brethren. According to a recent statement of Victor N. Miller, formerly its business manager, 150,000 copies of "Treat 'em Square" were sold during last May.

The sale price was 25 cents a copy. This means, assuming that the agents sold all they bought, that in that month \$37,500 clinked out of the public's pocket for this one publication. Of this, calculating the division of profits between the publisher and agent on the customary basis, \$12,000 went to Robert Haines, its editor, and his associates, and \$25,500 went to the salesmen.

The editors of this magazine in a statement recently printed in the *New York World* said their publication had averaged a circulation of 80,000 for six months. In other words, in half a year 480,000 copies had been sold. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars garnered from the public from the sale of just one of these magazines!

When I approached Editor Haines in the guise of a down-trodden veteran looking for a mouthhold on the golden spigot, suggesting that I should like to be a salesman for his publication, he was glowingly enthusiastic about the money-making prospects.

"You can average from ten to twenty dollars a day," he said; and, to add conviction to his declaration, he showed

me a letter from an agent in Texas which started, "I've worked the public all my life," and went on to say that selling "Treat 'Em Square" was the best method he had run across yet.

Let us turn for a moment to "Veterans' Fun and Facts," which, if "Treat 'Em Square" is the most pretentious of its kind, certainly is the most seedy. Poorly printed, filled with stale jokes, amateur cartoons, month-old sporting news and clipped newspaper features, it is about as interesting as a year-old seed catalogue.

To understand its peculiar status, it is necessary to refer again to the New York *World* which recently printed several articles upon this type of publication. The *World* states that Arthur Guarino, its editor, was convicted in the New York Court of General Sessions for inciting boys to steal his competitors' magazines.

One notorious person got out a magazine exactly in the style that this new one is printed and distributed it by capitalizing on public sympathy. But

he solicited money for non-existent disabled men's welfare organizations and thereby ran afoul the law, something the later publishers have so far steered clear of. But he was the Columbus that discovered the new money world and his disciples are profiting by his mistakes.

Guarino's office, located at 186 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, when I sought him out, was a murky little cubby-hole containing only Guarino, one stenographer and a manager of salesmen. Again becoming for the time being a bench-warming ex-service man, I asked him the prospects of a job.

Now, on every issue of this magazine appears the line: "Published and distributed monthly by ex-service men as temporary employment." One would naturally think my discharge would be asked for. Nothing of the sort happened!

"Sure we can give you a job," he replied. "We'll sell you the magazine for seven cents a copy cash. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing; waiting for the Vocational Board to pass my case."

"After you get selling this magazine you won't want vocational training," he said. "You can make from fifteen to thirty dollars a day."

While he was discussing plans of exploiting a new territory with the manager of his salesman, I picked up from his desk a thin magazine, thinking it was a copy of his "Veterans' Fun and Facts."

It was a copy of "Puck" for June, 1887, with occasional items blue-pencilled to be clipped and reproduced in the next issue of "Veterans' Fun and Facts." In the entire thirty-two pages there was not one item longer than five hundred words. No purchased manuscript adorns a page. Undoubtedly, not one penny was expended to buy material.

Guarino sent out letters soliciting agents saying: "Before furnishing credentials for a man in a district, we must be assured that he is an ex-service

(Continued on page 25)

My Husband—Since the War

"Other Times, Other Men," Reports This Spouse of a Conquering Hero

By A Veteran's Wife

YES, sir-r-r-r!

There's a lot of difference between a husband before the war and afterward, and it does not require a very discerning wife to discover that difference. For one thing, he's a conquering hero. You've heard a lot of sentimental grandmothers—and grandpas, too—tell the world how the boys are so shy and don't like to talk about what they did in France. That's true enough, all right; I shouldn't think either they would want to talk about some of the things they did over there—especially, anyway, not before those of an older generation who don't know the wicked ways of the world as we do today. Perhaps our heroes are modest violets when on public display, but anywhere near home, sweet home, they certainly glow with the full bloom of a tiger lily. Why should there be any dispute about who won the war? Any wife can settle that argument. She knows now who personally was responsible.

Well, the conquering hero business is all right. It is only a small part of the difference and a good wife can fix that little matter quickly enough. Threats of beans and goldfish are efficacious, and I ask who of us has not availed herself of these little threats which will so quickly bring about a readjustment of one difference or another? Oh, it has to be done.

But it's the things like the musette bag, the left-over-from-the-Army vocabulary, the personal war stories now passing into their fortieth edition with much new and added material, and the army friends, which make a big difference in a husband after the war. They are the things we wives have to com-

bat and—oh, most certainly conquer. Where will you be if you don't get the best of them? You know what I mean? Of course.

Even these matters might be ignored if he would only leave the car alone instead of taking it apart and trying to repair it according to methods learned at the machine gun school.

"That's an automobile," I protest. "Even if it does backfire, that isn't any reason why you should treat it like a gun."

"Now, listen here," he replies. "I know all about machinery. Wasn't I in the Army? I used to take a machine gun apart and put it together again every day."

"Well, there must have been something wrong with the way you put it together if you had to keep taking it apart."

"That's not the idea. It was practice."

"This isn't. You've been practicing on that car so long it's gone crazy trying to make up its mind whether it's an automobile or a gun."

The poor old car! When the radiator springs a leak—as it is wont to do, off and on—I think it is almost human and the drip, drip are tears for its plight. The end of this sad story is always the same. We go to the garage for treatment where the garage man, ex-tank corps personage, pounds our difficulties away. At any rate, he does come a little closer to knowing about a motor car in trouble than a machine gun mechanic.

Well, I'll begin at the beginning of the list of my difficulties—the musette bag. It's something I can't get away from—not even yet, with the war over

four years. How long does a musette bag last? I wish I knew. If it only had the life of a silk stocking, I'd be somewhere near peace with the world. The way Charlie goes around wearing that musette bag, you'd think it must be the most important part of his clothing and that he was going to be arrested if he appeared on the street not thus fully dressed. I'm not the sort of wife who objects to a husband wearing a musette bag if he so desires. That's between him and the musette bag. But the thing that always bothers me is this plaintive query:

"Where's my musette bag? I can't find it."

No, he can't find it and he never will—without my help.

Next we pass on to the left-over-from-the-Army vocabulary—and I don't mean swearing either, although he can. Just mention prohibition to Charlie and you'll see—rather, you'll hear. But what I mean is this:

"When do we eat?"

"C'mon. Let's shove off." (This when calling on the new minister and his wife.)

"Toot sweet." (This on all occasions.)

"Tell that Swede to police up."

"Rise and shine."

"Where's that Swede K. P.?"

And there are daily and nightly references to reveille and taps. Our household seems to move to army orders.

You see how it is? A World War wife's got to listen to this sort of thing. Hers are all the horrors of war without any war at all. Believe me, they may have fought the war, but we certainly have to listen to it.

But these matters I've mentioned



It was pretty lonesome that year and a half my hero was far from my side fighting the Navy

above are as nothing when compared with those war stories. Whew! There's the rub. I'll admit they sounded great the first time they were reeled off to me, but now it's different. Every open break in an after-dinner conversation is seized and held tenaciously in the telling of not only one but most of these stories which invariably begin, you know, like this:

"Now when I was with the army in France . . . right near Varennes, it happened. . . . Sure, you remember where Varennes is. . . . Honestly, don't you remember Varennes. . . . There, I thought you'd remember. . . . No, now that I think of it, it wasn't Varennes. It was Cloisy. . . . Well, not exactly in Cloisy, but just beyond Cloisy. Now, I'll explain to you just exactly where it was. Do you remember that bend in the road at Cloisy? . . . Yes, that's the one. . . . Well, you come by that bend and follow the road through the village of Cloisy and about one mile further on you come to a little path. . . . Yeah, that's it.

"But you don't want to make the mistake of turning into that path. Keep right on going until you come to a fork in the road. Take the road to the right and the next big tree you come to, stop there. . . . Wait a minute! I'm wrong. You want to take the road to the left at the fork. That's right. Yeah, that's right. . . . Oh, no, I'm wrong again. It isn't the big tree—that's another story I want to tell you about sometime. . . . Well, you walk on for a K. M.—exactly a K. M. now—and, well, the spot's just about five miles from there. That's right. It happened right there."

Well, it must have and it ought to have and by this time I'm darn glad it didn't happen just one mile further along. Now that we have our bearings on the location—it is clear, isn't it?—the company, the regiment, the soldier and the number of his dog tag have to be accurately mentioned before our

hero can get down to the actual telling of his story.

"At that time I was with the first squad. Now I wonder if I am right; perhaps it was the second squad. Well, I'm sure it was the first section, third platoon, Company M. Sure, you heard of that outfit—third battalion of the 403d Infantry. . . . Sure, that's the crowd. Everybody's heard of us. We won the war."

And then you get the story. What can a wife do in the midst of such conversation? She can't break it up with a little statement to the effect that she has just heard confidentially that bobbed hair is passing out of style. A mere kick under the table goes unnoticed and sometimes I just can't help falling asleep. Then I dream I'm calling all the numbers in the telephone book. If you ask me, I think the telephone company certainly scooped the Army at its own game. It was they who first thought of adding to the trials of their subscribers by introducing the cipher before all numbers. Gosh! The Army must be envious. It would certainly have been a much better war if we could have called it the 0403d Infantry and so on.

There's nothing like a little gathering in the evening with all your mutual friends around telling stories of France to give you a good idea of what life after the war means to the patient wife. Well, it is something to hear a few stories of a vintage different from your own home brew, but you can't make the mistake of asking the same friends back again. That surely is the wrong idea. Your only hope is to keep new blood with new stories in the party.

But about the most excitement a poor wife can get out of an evening like this is to make it a mixed party. If your husband has been in the Army, invite some of those who were in the Navy. From a few bold statements which are quickly passed about among the respective groups you will quickly

gather the impression that there is not the best of feeling between soldiers and sailors. One might even venture to say—oh, quite easily venture—that here is a difference of opinion. You may be surprised to learn that the Navy does not think quite so well of the Army as the Army thinks of itself, and vice versa. Strange, indeed, but I guess that's the way men are. In such a gathering you'll get an argument—a good one, too—by the side of which any debate over the Germans in the late World War becomes a mere parlor game with everyone keeping his seat. Just let a sailor tell how a friend of his licked a soldier—not infrequently the victim is a first looney—with one hand. You let him tell that and then you'll hear how the armless soldier licked ten sailors. As the argument runs on—but am I too mild in using the word argument?—the conquered parties become more numerous and you get the impression that the ultimate hero is perhaps only a leg or an ear.

Well, that's nothing. Any wife knows by now you can't take a husband literally, especially if he is a conquering hero.

Understand, I'm not complaining exactly. It was pretty lonesome that year and a half my hero was far from my side fighting the Navy and the Germans. I'd hate to think of life without him now, in spite of everything. Understand, I'd take all my difficulties, just so I could have Charlie. But, gee! Ain't the war over yet? I remember studying at school about the Hundred Years War and at the time it seemed like an awfully long war to me. But now I know how it happens to be named that way. It really didn't last that long—only for the wives of those mediæval expeditionary forces.

At any rate, I imagine the wives of conscientious objectors have fallen into the easiest berths after the war. C'est la guerre.

Sure, I picked that French up from the Army.



Air and plenty of it here—the windowpanes in this California infirmary are wire screens

Your Bit in Checking T. B.

Some Common-Sense Advice on Prevention and Cure

By Charles Phelps Cushing

"DOCTOR," the interviewer began, "we want to make a picture clear to you—so you'll know just what your audience is like and what's expected of you. You are talking to a vast group of ex-service men. Their average age is somewhere between twenty and thirty. They come from every walk of life. They've often been described as a typical cross-section of America. If they all got together in one big arena the seats would cover more than fifty acres. You'd have to use radio to make yourself heard. But you needn't worry about not being understood. They'll all get you if you speak plain and hit out straight from the shoulder."

"All right," the doctor answered thoughtfully. "I'll start by telling you young men something about yourselves that ought to give all of you considerable concern. You all have wondered, at one time or another, how you were going to get bumped off. Well, I'll tell you how one out of every four of you whose names will be on this year's casualty lists will get bumped off. If you represent a typical cross-section of America, and are of the age described to me, one out of every four of you who are due to go west this year will be taken off by a preventable and unnecessary germ disease, which, if treated in its early stages, is nearly always curable. T.B.—tuberculosis."

"T.B. gets in its worst work at your age, when the strain of life is greatest. Of all Americans who die in their twenties, it claims an average of more than one out of every four, and only a little less than one out of four of those who are stricken in their thirties. Every year this white plague kills more

than twice as many of the population of the United States as all the enemy bullets and shells and gas attacks slaughtered in the A. E. F. There are no less than a million active cases of T.B. in this country today, and a million more people who may be classified as 'latent potential cases.' We estimate that every year about 100,000 new active cases develop, and we know that more than that number of advanced cases end annually in deaths—this despite the fact that tuberculosis is a preventable disease and curable in at least 85 percent of the new cases pro-

vided that these are found out in time.

"Then, you may ask, why isn't something being done to check the slaughter? Something is. A great deal. T.B. claims only half as many lives now in the United States as it did ten or fifteen years ago. Those returns indicate not only what *has* been done but also what further *could* be done toward reducing the toll to a minimum. The enemy is a germ so small that you can't spot him without a microscope, but we know how to get at him and put him to rout. If we all were willing to do our bit in this fight—"



The life of Riley outdoors in Florida. Note that every photograph shown with this article pictures anti-T. B. activity in a different State—it's not so much where you take the cure but how

The doctor hesitated. "But maybe we'd better not try to describe the situation as a battle. A more accurate picture would be in terms of seed and soil. The seeds of T.B. are scattered everywhere. Nearly all of us are subject to its infection at one time or another. In some soil it thrives. In other soil it can't take root; the soil resists it. Naturally, the first thing we ought to try to do is to keep the seeds from being scattered so widely, and the next thing, to weed them up early when they do take root."

The speaker was Dr. Edgar T. Shields, Medical Field Secretary of the National Tuberculosis Association.

"Then tell us how," the interviewer urged. "Here is a letter from A. A. Sprague, chairman of The American Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, which will show you that we're with you in the fight. In it Mr. Sprague states that the first of three things the Legion wants to accomplish in a campaign against T.B. is: *To keep men from contracting the disease and allowing it to develop.* How can we keep from catching it, and how can we head it off if we get it?"

"You want something practical?" the doctor answered, as he began to run through a pack of printed matter on his desk. "Well, that's the very spirit in which a big insurance company started out on the same trail back in 1916. Their records for the year before showed that more than 16 percent of the deaths for 1915 in their Industrial Department were caused by T.B. Their bill for that item in policies settled amounted to more than \$4,000,000.

"That set some of the directors to thinking. They decided to put up a purse of \$100,000 to find out what they could that might save lives and money in the future. This purse was to be spent investigating conditions in 'a typical American community of more than 5,000 population.' Like you, they were after



Increasing youthful powers of resistance to germs at Niantic, Conn.

facts, seeking practical measures to save lives.

"The city finally selected was Framingham, Massachusetts, a place of

percent of those who have it as a disease will die of it. In general these figures check with those of the statistics upon the death rate in the whole United States; for example, in 1921, 100 deaths from tuberculosis to each 100,000 of our population.

"The investigators in Framingham examined thousands of men, women and children and reported that about one in every hundred were suffering from active tuberculosis. For three years the doctors and nurses kept searching. One month they found, in examining 1,700 citizens, 71 cases of the disease among people who didn't know they had it. Finally the investigators were able to report a reduction of nearly one-third in the T.B. death rate in that city. All the machinery they required to

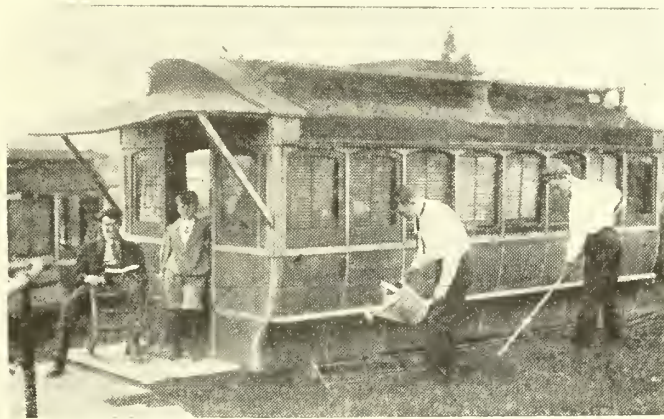
bring this about was a corps of examiners and nurses and a campaign of education in hygiene. Let me read you one of the final paragraphs of the report:

"In a city of 100,000, with a hundred deaths a year, this would mean a saving of 33 lives a year, which represents, when measured in money terms alone, thousands and thousands of dollars. The same methods, if successfully applied throughout our country, will mean a saving of over 50,000 lives a year—about as many as were lost by this country in the great war.

"Some day, we hope," the doctor commented, "to have that kind of life-saving organization in every community in America. Surely no investment could be sounder. But meanwhile—

"Meanwhile, we can all be learning what we ought to know about how to prevent and cure as many cases as possible. As the Framingham report shows, a majority of us grown folks have tubercular infection, the seed of the disease. Usually we acquire that infection in childhood. An invisible enemy, it sticks around them, waiting its chance to sandbag us. Such a chance it may get if our resistance to germ attack is lowered by sickness or dissipation, worry or overstrain or bad living conditions. We have little to fear from that infection, however, if

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The Toonerville trolley that meets the health train at Gabriels, N. Y.

about 17,000. They found out that from 75 to 90 percent of that typical American community had tubercular infection. Please understand me—infection. Only about one percent were found to have T.B. in an active form as a disease. Only about eight to ten



Making the most of an Ohio winter at the Cleveland Memorial Sanatorium, Warrensville

EDITORIAL



The Election and the Veteran

MORE than half of the American electorate has had an opportunity to express itself, directly or through its accredited representatives, on the question of state adjusted compensation for veterans of the World War. This month's overwhelming compensation victories in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Montana bring the roster of compensation States up to twenty-one, but in two—New York and Maryland—the decision of the people on the one hand and of their State Legislature on the other has been nullified as unconstitutional. The twenty-one States have a population of more than 54,000,000—more than half the population of the continental United States. Add to this the fact that nowhere has state compensation been adopted in referendum by a vote of less than 1.7 to 1—it has reached as high a proportion as 8.1 to 1—and the argument that the American people are opposed to the cause of adjusted compensation is answered.

This 1922 Election Day supplied plenty of additional answers to that same argument. The American Legion is not in politics, but never in its history has it been confronted with what to a weaker grade of compounded mentality would have been a masterful temptation to get in. Far less momentous issues than compensation have brought about the foundering of apparently as soundly established organizations in the seas of political embroilment. Unquestionably, however, the influence of the ex-service man was felt this November and strongly felt. For though the Legion is not in politics, though it has steered a safe course through the most tortuous channel it is ever likely to encounter, the fact remains, fortunately or otherwise, that the issue of adjusted compensation is in politics.

Adjusted compensation was a governing factor in virtually every senatorial and Congressional contest; in several it was a determining factor. Just how far its influence operated is a nice question that every citizen and every veteran may decide for himself. It is something like the question of who won the war—the British navy, the French army, the A. E. F. are all acceptable candidates for this honor in that without any one of them the war would have been lost. So with compensation. Say that the results of November 7th were manifestations of general discontent or of specific dissatisfaction over tariff legislation, Newberryism, foreign relations or whatnot, the fact remains that compensation played a conspicuous part. Ask Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, whose victory by less than nine thousand votes would assuredly not have been possible if he had not aggressively championed the cause of adjusted compensation.

The generally anti-compensation metropolitan press has somewhat grudgingly conceded the influence of the compensation issue. The Administration's attitude on the compensation bill, declares the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, "or rather its shifting policy on that measure," was a contributing cause in the Election Day upset. The *New York World*, another pugnacious compensation opponent, discussing the agrarian ascendancy in the West, says that "had such a combination existed in the present Congress . . . perhaps the soldiers' bonus would have been carried over the President's veto." The *New York Daily News*, always aggressively pro-compensation, has no hesitation in saying that the result in New York State was due in part to the fact that "the war veterans and their

friends evidently did not agree with the position of Senator Calder on the bonus or approve of President Harding's veto of the bill."

But Election Day is water under the bridge. What of the future? What, on the basis of the November 7th results, is the outlook for adjusted compensation in the Sixty-eighth Congress when it convenes next March?

Thirty-five senators were elected in thirty-four States. Of these seventeen were re-elections. On the basis of the vote on the Adjusted Compensation Bill in the Senate on August 31st, and the vote to override the President's veto on September 22d, the seventeen divide as follows:

Pro-compensation senators re-elected.....	13
Anti-compensation senators re-elected.....	4

Six pro-compensation and four anti-compensation senators were defeated. At the outside the pro-compensation forces will be reduced by only one on this overturn, but as the senators replacing these ten will be tabulated a moment later, they are momentarily disregarded in the following recapitulation, giving the antis a gain of two, thus:

Pro-compensation senators defeated.....	6
Anti-compensation senators defeated.....	4

These two groups must also be taken into consideration:

Pro-compensation senators not renominated.....	2
Anti-compensation senators not renominated....	4

Checking gains and losses in the three foregoing tables gives a net gain of nine votes for adjusted compensation.

There remain to be considered the eighteen new senators. Eight of the eighteen, at the most conservative estimate, can safely be counted upon as being pro-compensation—actually a majority of them are probably favorable to the measure. But sticking to the conservative minimum, there results, combining this figure with the statistics on the seventeen re-elections, an assured pro-compensation gain of seven votes.

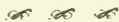
Prospects have never been brighter for the enactment of the Adjusted Compensation Bill than they will be in the Sixty-eighth Congress.

A Bugler at Belleau?

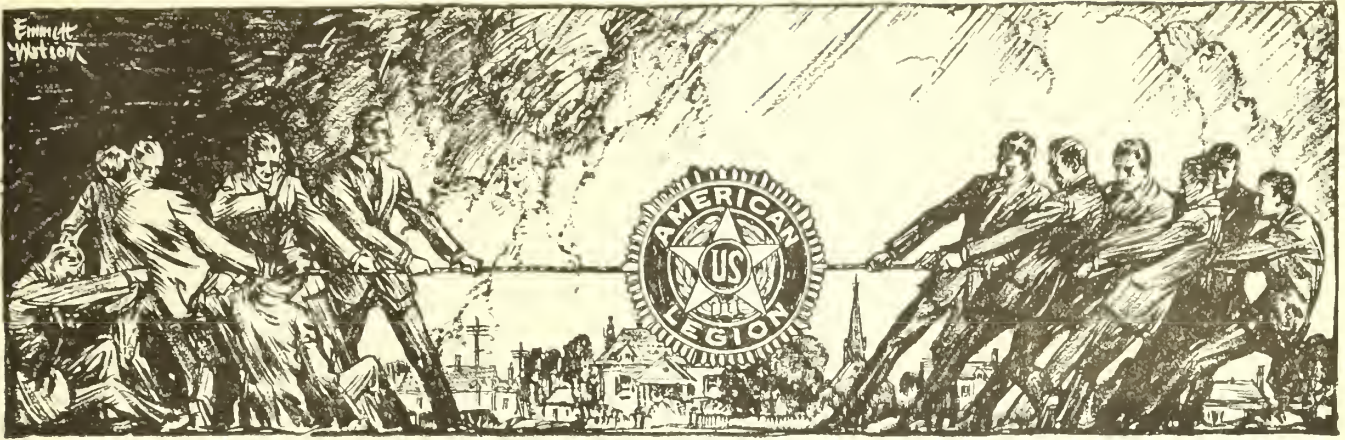
ERNEST POOLE, the writer, submits that instead of a monument to the American dead who fell in the assault on Belleau Wood, a bugler be stationed there to sound Taps each nightfall. There is novelty and beauty in the suggestion. In fact, does it not possess all the virtues one seeks to embody in a monument of stone or bronze, combined with the additional virtue of the human touch? A monument may speak for a current sentiment only. A monument can be built today which will far outlast the sentiment which prompted its creation. But if every eve a bugler—shall we specify a veteran wounded at Belleau?—stands there and sounds Taps, is not that act significant of a daily reconsecration of the ideals which sent America's sons to the charge on that famous field one brilliant June morning in 1918? The battlefields of Europe are so covered with monuments that the average tourist quits the scene a bit confused. He would remember the bugler of Belleau. He would remember what that bugler stands for.



The Italian immigrant who took one swig of boot-leg at Ellis Island and then asked for reservations on the next boat back has solved his end of the immigration problem.



When the news that Jack Dempsey and Jess Willard might fight again reached Switzerland, Grover Cleveland Bergdoll denied the statement that he had decided to come home and challenge the winner.



The Best Post in the State

But It Wasn't Until Dad Barnes Told It a Few Things About Itself That Were Less Complimentary

THE one thing that it's hardest to ram into most people's heads, whether it is in business or in conducting the affairs of a Legion post, is that the most important factor for success is having the right kind of officers. I never have seen any business succeed, whether it is a corner grocery or a big manufacturing concern, unless it had at the top a man, or men, with the ability to get things done—and done right. And, just in the family, it is a good deal harder to get men to work for a post than it is for a business where they can see that every lick they put in is getting them a little something they can spend in a store.

The way that we came, in our post, to a realization of how important it is to have the right sort of officers, makes rather an interesting yarn, I think. And my reason in telling it—of course, I can't come right out and tell what post it is—is my hope that, through the telling, some other posts may get something that will help them avoid the same troubles, or help them overcome the difficulties. For a while, we believe, we shall not have to worry about the same thing happening to us again.

We have one of the best small posts in our state. Dad Barnes, who lives about 75 miles west of us, and spends a lot of time taking seriously his work as a member of the Department Executive Committee, tells us that ours is a really first-class post. And let me add, parenthetically, that when Dad says anything about a Legion post, it's generally true. I don't know just where or when Dad contracted the habit; maybe he has always had it. But ever since I have known him, which was about a month after he left his business to be run by his partners while he did a hitch in the Navy, Dad has been a most incurable truth-teller. You see, they made him an ensign, right off, and because he had made a record for thirty years in handling young men in his own business, they gave him a job that required the smooth-

ness of the Japanese ambassador, the truth-telling habits of George Washington, the insight into boy nature of a scoutmaster, and an all-round know-how that would have done credit to a Rear Admiral. Dad acted during the war as a sort of godfather to a lot of youngsters who were headed toward the officers' school at the Pelham Bay Yacht Club—and it was while he was on that job that I learned his terrible habit of telling folks the truth about themselves and making them like it. He has been doing the same sort of thing in the Legion ever since the Armistice, for he learned in his war-time experience that there is a whole lot more satisfaction to be had in life than simply making a stack of money—and before he made the discovery, he had made enough money so he doesn't have to worry a whole lot about where his next meal is coming from.

So, now that Dad tells us we have a good post, we believe him. We believed him in the first year of our life as a post, when he told us the same thing. And we had to believe him, even if we didn't want to, when in an intervening year he told us the post was slipping. We owe a lot to Dad, for if he hadn't come around truth-telling on one of his periodic trips, we probably should have slipped all the way into the slough and have drowned the life out of the outfit.

Our post started out with a bang, considering our chances. Ours is a small town, and there aren't many eligible for the Legion; but we have our share of ability in the post. The big town six miles north draws most of the boys from the farms. So, with less than forty to draw from, we started out with thirty-five members.

The post immediately made a name for itself by doing something that the oldest inhabitant could not remember the like of; we put on a big Memorial Day ceremony. By pulling more wires than you would imagine could exist, the post commander got the military band from the fort twenty miles away, held a fine parade, and wound up the affair

with a speech from a congressman who had a war record of his own. That set the whole county talking about us.

So, on the Fourth, we proceeded to go that one better. The commander went out and got a speaker even more distinguished—and interesting!—than his predecessor. We put on a community picnic over at the lake which lies on the south edge of town. The post commander, Jim Collins, induced the local merchants to offer prizes for all the contests for the kids and the grown-ups, and he even made a few of us in the post loosen up as well. Then he went over to the town board meeting and talked them into appropriating \$150 for fireworks. There never had been much community spirit in the town, but after that day you could almost have enlisted an army to go over and fight the next town for making disparaging remarks about us. Our folks discovered that they live in a pretty fine place, after all.

The next thing we did was take hold of the Boy Scout troop, which had been a rather puny affair, never too big and now dwindling away steadily. Jim took hold of it, got a few of the other fellows interested enough to do some work, and first thing you know every kid in town belonged to, and swore by, the troop.

Perhaps you can see that our commander was a hustler. Like most of the first commanders, he had been the fellow with enough gumption to get the post started. As a natural result, he was elected commander. But, while everybody respected him, he was not the most popular fellow in town. He took things too seriously, and had the unpleasant habit of expecting you to do some work. That sort of a fellow is never as well liked as he deserves to be.

As the time approached for the next post election, Al Brown's friends began talking him up for commander. Everybody likes Al; he's the type of fellow you can't help liking. But his following is based more on his pleasant personality than on ability. I have always suspected that Al has more abil-

ity than anyone else in the post; but he has always been easy-going. Those of us who were not blind to his laziness still thought he would take the commandship seriously. And since he had an organized group behind him, everybody voted for him.

Now Al is, as I have said, a good fellow. That was the trouble, though we didn't realize it for awhile. Al simply failed to hold the boys down the way Jim had done, and he didn't make them work. Anybody knows that a bunch of youngsters needs a firm hand—and Al lacked it.

One of his first ideas was a good one, though. He decided that the cider and doughnuts we had been having were not the right sort of refreshments. Instead, he appointed a chow committee to serve for one meeting, and to bring sandwiches, cake, and the makings for a big pot of coffee. That was a great idea; any post that doesn't do it is missing a lot. It made for sociability, and drew the fellows who wanted that rather than the business part of the meetings.

Off to a Slow Start

BUT at the same time, as the outfit became more sociable, the meetings themselves slacked up. Jim had always brought us up standing at 8 sharp. He ran the meeting with lots of snap, so that within an hour everything was acted on and the meeting adjourned. That gave the boys a chance to have a good time fighting over the battles of Brest and Paris, and still get home early. After you get beyond a callow age, "early to bed" begins to sound like the real dope after all.

But Al and his gang had never heard of that slogan. He seldom called a meeting to order before 8:45 or 9, because he always felt sure another man or two would be along and he hated to start without them. Pretty soon everybody got to coming in at a quarter to nine, because the meetings started about then. And after they started, they dawdled along. It takes some executive effort to run a meeting with snap.

And, though the meetings took longer, they seemed to get less accomplished. Decoration Day was right on top of us before anyone realized that something should be done about it, and by then it was too late. The same thing happened with the Fourth. The town folks seemed disappointed when we answered their inquiries by saying that the Legion couldn't seem to get a good program ready and wouldn't celebrate.

And the Boy Scout troop was not getting along very well. Jim Collins was trying to do something, by himself, but no one else could find time to help him, and when he tried to tell the meetings about it they wouldn't let him talk, because it was so late already. We seemed to lose our news value to the editor of the local weekly; and some of us began to wonder whether, after all, the Legion was not a good deal of a frost. All the time, of course, the post was at fault—but we didn't see that. Everybody was getting sort of disgruntled, and nobody knew just why.

Then, quite unannounced, Dad Barnes drove over to one of our meetings—it was the first one he had been to since right before our big Fourth of July celebration almost exactly a year before. Dad didn't have much to

say when Al asked him to give us a talk—just said he was glad to see us again, had a high regard for all the boys he knew personally, and so on. After the cake was destroyed, and the boys had gotten out the bones and started rolling them (Al had started that a couple months before, and the games sometimes ran until 1 or 2 o'clock), Dad unostentatiously cut Jim Collins and me out of the crowd. He invited us to take a little ride with him, to cool off on a hot evening.

But after he had us out on the road, you should have heard him! He told Jim that he ought to be ashamed of himself. "What if you aren't an officer of the post?" Dad demanded. "Why don't you make that bunch pull together the way they did last year? I never saw anything go bad quicker than that post of yours has."

Well, we told Dad we supposed he was right. But what could you do about it? The fellows seemed to like this way of running the post better than they had Jim's way, and the majority rules.

Dad snorted. "Tommyrot! You make me sick. How could anything ever go ahead if the fellows with the best heads didn't use their heads to bring the others around?"

Before Dad dumped us out at my front door, and stepped on the gas so that he would get back home before daybreak, we had a working plan. And we got busy in the best way we could. It is no easy job to ease out of office a man whom everybody likes. It is especially difficult in a small town, for there everyone takes that sort of thing as a personal matter. We had to go at it in a devious way—and besides, we could not wait until the next election, six months ahead, to get the post started back in the right direction. Attendance was falling off, for while the easy-going lads claimed that this was the right way to run a post, they didn't come out to meetings. A good many of them, however, fell into the habit of dropping in about half-past ten or eleven, in time for some chow and the dominoes.

The Personal Angle

ANOTHER thing: Jim and I couldn't go at it obviously, for if we did it would get enough people sore to cut into our businesses. I started a dry goods and grocery store after the war, while Jim has his father's flour and feed business. You have to watch your step in a town where everyone knows your inmost thoughts and holds you responsible for them.

So we began a firm, and gentle, opposition in meetings on a few of the things that had the least importance to Al and his gang. When Al tried to squelch Jim's remarks about the Scouts, I got up and said that in my opinion it was important; the post had got behind it, it couldn't run by the force of a few kids, and it was up to us to keep it going. The upshot was that I was put on Jim's Scout committee, with the privilege of picking any helpers we might need.

So Jim and I began to pull into the troop work a few of the fellows who had the right tendencies, but had fallen into lackadaisical habits. By seeing to it that they got the more interesting parts of the work, we got their best efforts. When we had built up a

little group that could see what was going on without being told, we induced one of them to get up in meeting and put up a mild kick about the late starting hour. That got some of the other fellows to thinking about how foolish it was to fritter away the early evenings when they had to be up and at work early next morning. They began to agitate for an earlier start, and for shorter meetings.

Now by this time we had worked up a pretty good start for an opposition to the easy-going ways. We had done it, what's more, without showing our hands. Al felt that everything wasn't going as smoothly as it might be, but he couldn't find out why. That was not remarkable, for Jim and I let no one in on what we were doing—except as helpers who saw the effects but not the causes.

Enter the New Minister

ALONG early in the fall a new minister came to town. He was a young fellow, belonged to the Legion, and of course transferred his membership to our post. We soon learned—though we had to pull it out of him—that he had passed up the exemption and had joined up in the infantry. There he got to be a top-kick, and accumulated quite a stock of French and American decorations. He was a new sensation for us; our whole experience had been with the less able, less virile middle-aged preachers that gravitate to the small churches. This young Dr. McLean was different. He smoked a pipe, for instance, and when the elders objected he stood out for his rights. They respected him more for it, and so did everyone else.

At the first couple of post meetings he attended, the boys kept the bones in their pockets until he went home. Then, when they got used to him, they started up in front of him. He stood there and watched them for awhile, and then he went home without any comment.

After McLean had been on the job for six weeks, he came up to meeting one evening and told us he had been thinking about the colony of Italian farmers outside town. They didn't speak much English, but he had been out there talking with some of them. It seems he had picked up a little Italian in college, enough to make himself understood. He said that since Americanization was part of the Legion's program, it ought to be up to the post to do some work out there. He would help; and if, as he understood, a couple of the boys in the post were of Italian families, he thought the three of them could do something worth while. The idea didn't strike a very responsive note—it sounded too much like work—and the commander disposed of it by appointing a committee consisting of McLean and the Italian boys to look into it.

At the next meeting Dr. Sanders, our local doctor, showed up. He hadn't been to a meeting for a long while; he claimed he was too busy making calls on people who really didn't need him after all. He came this time to say that we would have less sickness in town, and in the country, if those Italians could be made to understand plain English instructions about sanitation, isolation of contagious cases, and the like. So the post voted for getting be-

(Continued on page 28)

Keeping Step With the Legion



Balanced Books

ARATHER heavy mail indicates that January 1st of this year will see a much larger percentage of paid-up national and departmental taxes than any previous January 1st in the history of the Legion. Posts all over the country are informing us that they are already collecting their 1923 dues, with which go the taxes, and that they hope to have cards in for every single 1922 member before 1923 gets into the ring. Such activities are contagious, too, and will probably spread out more as time goes on. The idea amounts only to the payment of your post's debts to the larger units of the organization on time, without waiting a month or two on the chance that more members will come in and there will be more money to pay.

He's in Again

THE latest candidate for the publicity-hound trophy—the Film Service Director—is anxious to give something in return for the trophy. His latest gift is a tip. It's a membership tip. He says that "Flashes of Action," official photographic record of the World War, which his outfit is distributing, has been found by many posts to be a powerful aid in membership drives, and also to be an effective asset in connection with state campaigns for adjusted compensation. "There is no stronger argument in favor of adjusted compensation than the camera's story of the war," he tells us.

His idea that Legion movies may help a post gain members sounds reasonable to us. Movies are good advertising, as a rule, and anything that advertises the Legion favorably gets members. We probably would have no membership problem at all if all ex-service men were more familiar with the aims of the Legion. Not that membership is really a problem, but it's a shame to keep three million of our former buddies and shipmates out of a good thing.

War Chests

GILBERT BETTMAN, Ohio Department Commander, has won another Legion lawsuit. This one was fought out for Edwin C. Danner Post and Wade H. Williamson Post against the Switzerland County (Ind.) War

Chest Association. About \$4,960 had been left in the war chest when the World War ended. Mr. Bettman secured a verdict for the two Legion posts, who were awarded custody of the \$4,960, being, as the court decreed, a "distinctly soldier organization, and that its activities are by soldiers and for soldiers, and the time is not far distant when substantially all soldiers of the World War will be enrolled in the ranks of The American Legion; that the standard of true Americanism that has been held aloft by the Grand Army of the Republic for more than fifty years is about to be taken over by The American Legion . . . and that The American Legion . . . more nearly represents the original idea of the donors of the fund in suit than any other organization."

The court ordered trustees to administer the fund for the benefit of the Legion and the ex-service men of Switzerland County.

This case just adds one more to a list of similar cases won by Mr. Bettman and other attorneys, giving the Legion, in the eyes of the law, absolute distinction as the one organization intended to carry on the work for which war chest funds were donated, and therefore entitled to the use of such funds.

On Talent

LEO J. MOORE of Benton Harbor, Michigan, writes in to kick. His kick sounds interesting to us. He says he is a professional performer on the stage, and that he frequently has offered to help out the dramatic talent

of other posts that were staging shows. He says he generally was refused, but has a feeling that one difficulty with his going on is the fact that posts may not know where they can secure Legion talent to help them out.

The idea is one that posts all over the country might take up with neighboring posts—the sharing of dramatic and other talent for such entertainments as any post may want to give. That is, if a post in one town has a good comedian, and a neighboring post puts on a drama that requires the services of a good comedian, why can't the first post offer the services of that comedian? Why can't county organizations arrange a sort of clearing house for talent?

Maybe some of the fellows in the front aisle, center, have a few suggestions to make. Maybe the idea has been tried out somewhere and found practicable—or wanting. Just slip your ideas to The Step Keeper, care of the Weekly.

Scout Aid

FOR a long time we've been arguing about Boy Scouts. Some time ago we tried to show that Boy Scouts can be of about as much benefit to the Legion as the Legion can be to Boy Scouts. We tried to prove our case by one instance. Here's another, sent in by E. M. Stollenmeyer of Cleveland:

Black Hawk Troop of Scouts escorted Cleveland Council of the Legion in the Memorial Day parade this year in Cleveland. This troop, equipped with sixteen snare drums, sixteen trumpets, one base drum, a drum major, colors and a hospital corps, was massed in battalion formation when the council started to mark and marched as an escort, winning applause from everybody along the line of march.

It was quite an honor, the boys felt, to escort the veterans, and they were grateful for having the honor bestowed on them.

The boys also helped Post No. 37 of Cleveland in advertising the movie "The Man Without a Country," and the troop drum and trumpet corps is always at the disposal of the Legion. The Legion had the boys come in from Chagrin Falls on the Fourth of July to do some drumming and after the parade the boys were taken to the Fair Grounds where they were served a luncheon. At sundown they marched around the track and lowered the colors for the Legion. Then Chagrin Falls Post gave the boys a flag.

Training Boy Scouts savors at first of an unselfish activity. But in the long run this kind of unselfishness turns out like most all other forms of altruism—it helps the altruist.

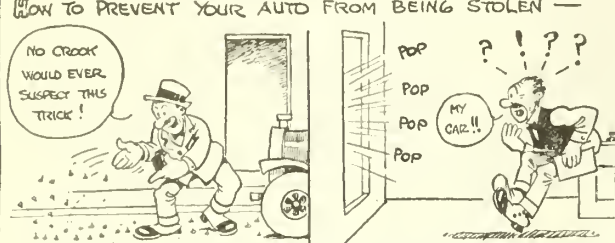
Education Week

FROM December 3 to 9, inclusive. The American Legion, the National Bureau of Education and the National Education Association will observe Education Week. The object of the week is to instill in Americans zeal for education, to arouse the country to the need of better educational facilities and generally to bring the country's attention to its educational problems. Some part of this work will be up to every post of The American Legion.

Hopeless Hints

By Wallgren

HOW TO PREVENT YOUR AUTO FROM BEING STOLEN —



NO CROOK WOULD EVER SUSPECT THIS TRICK!

POP POP POP POP POP MY CAR!!

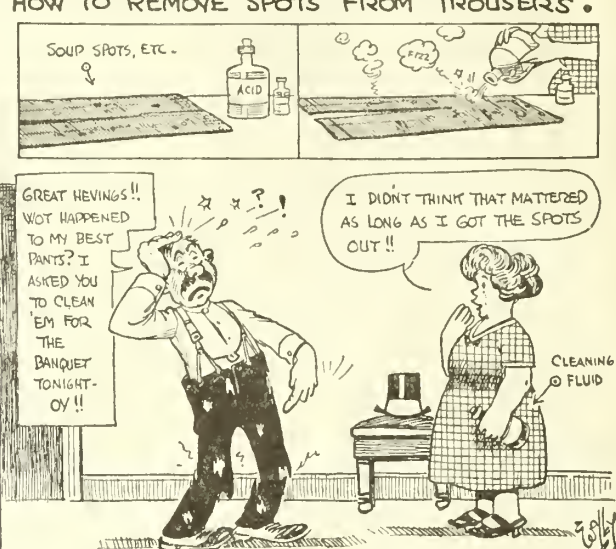
THEN IF ANYBODY TRIES TO STEAL IT YOU WILL HAVE THE LAUGH ON THEM.

AFTER PARKING YOUR CAR, SCATTER CARPET TACKS IN FRONT OF IT —

HA HA!! THAT'S THE TIME YOU GOT FOOLED!

POP pop

HOW TO REMOVE SPOTS FROM TROUSERS.



SOUP SPOTS, ETC.

ACID

BENZINE

GREAT HEVINGS!! NOT HAPPENED TO MY BEST PANTS? I ASKED YOU TO CLEAN 'EM FOR THE BANQUET TONIGHT - OY!!

I DIDN'T THINK THAT MATTERED AS LONG AS I GOT THE SPOTS OUT!!

CLEANING FLUID

POUR A SOLUTION OF SULPHURIC ACID AND BENZINE ON THE SPOTS AND YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED TO SEE HOW QUICKLY THEY DISAPPEAR. OF COURSE THERE IS A POSSIBILITY THAT A PORTION OF THE TROUSERS DIRECTLY BENEATH THE SPOTS WILL ALSO VANISH - BUT THAT, UNFORTUNATELY, IS BEYOND OUR CONCERN.

HOW TO TELL WHETHER AN EGG IS FRESH OR STALE



CUCKOO CLOCK

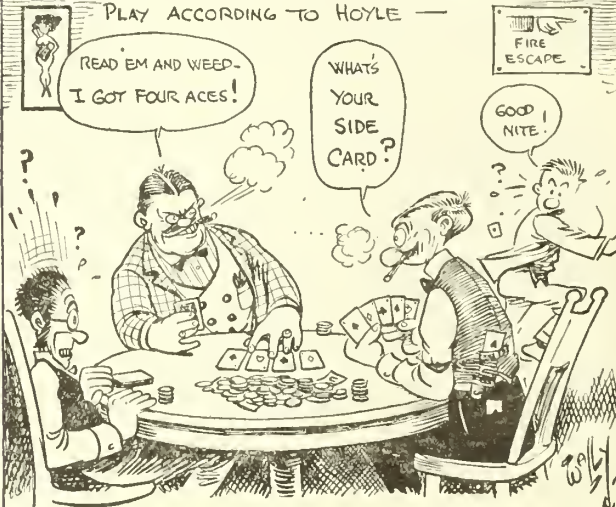
GREAT HEVINGS!! SEVEN O'CLOCK ALREADY!!! ILL BE LATE FOR WORK!!

CUCKOO!!

(IF IT IS FRESH THERE WILL BE NO COMMOTION - IF IT IS STALE - CHUCK IT INTO YOUR HOME-BREW MASH WHERE THE ODOR WILL NOT BE NOTICED -)

ANSWER: — OPEN IT. —

PLAY ACCORDING TO HOYLE —



READ 'EM AND WEED - I GOT FOUR ACES!

WHAT'S YOUR SIDE CARD?

GOOD! NITE.

NEVER HOLD MORE THAN FOUR ACES IN A SOCIABLE GAME - ITS UNHEALTHY — A LITTLE MISTAKE LIKE THIS IS VERY APT TO RUIN THE WHOLE EVENINGS PLEASURE - OFTENTIMES IT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO BUST UP THE GAME COMPLETELY. IF YOU INSIST ON PLAYING POKER WITH A PINOCHE DECK, 'EXTRA' ACES SHOULD BE BARRED. EIGHT "BULLETS" IS PLENTY.

NEVER CHRISTEN A BABY BY BREAKING A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE OVER ITS PROW



EX - GORB — HE KNOWS HOW TO CHRISTEN 'EM

FOR HEVINGS SAKE, OSCAR - DON'T WASTE IT - THE CHILD ISN'T A SHIP!!

IT'S AGIN THE LAW TO USE IT!!

WOULDN'T HOME-BREW DO JUST AS WELL?!!

THE IDIOT!!

CONTRARY TO PREVALENT IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT, THIS METHOD OF BAPTISM IS EXTREMELY BAD FORM TO PRACTISE ON INFANTS - THEY ONLY CHRISTEN SHIPS WITH IT - AND BESIDES THATS THE ONLY PLACE YOU CAN GET IT.

WHEN YOU SAY "PHILIP" ILL BUST THE BOTTLE!

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

Everyday Heroes

(Being a few that the War Department missed)

The man who can get into the bathtub without knocking off the wire soap-holder.

The man who, when the lower drawer of the bureau gets stuck, does not give it a kick.

The man who doesn't think that he "stands in" with the garage mechanic.

The man who can see a frosty pane, while waiting for a train, and not scratch his initials on it.

The wife who, when there are fresh peaches for dinner, does not remind her husband that peach stains won't come out.

The man who does not tell how far he can hear over his home-made radio set.

The wife who does not remind her husband how attentive he was before they were married.

The husband who took down the awnings the first time his wife asked him to.

Too Big a Contract

Dear little Johnnie's Aunt Emma, a lady of most generous build, had come for a visit and dear little Johnnie had been gazing at her raptly for some minutes. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Mamma," he cried, "does Santa Claus fill everybody's stockings?"

"Of course, dear," replied his mother in some surprise.

"Grown-up people's, too?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well," returned Johnnie doubtfully, but as one clinging to a shred of hope, "I hope he gets to mine first."

Suspected

The general manager entered the superintendent's office mysteriously.

"That new assistant to the superintendent," he said, "reports every morning on time, works hard all day, attends strictly to business and is the last to leave a night."

The president turned white and trembled. "It is as I suspected," he exclaimed. "A detective."

She Gets Along

A young married woman, full of idealism, met an older woman, also married.

"How is your husband?" asked the bride.

"Pretty well, I think. He works so hard I see him about one hour a day."

"Oh, you poor thing. How I sympathize!"

"Oh, no, dear. It's all right—the hour soon goes."

The Line Is Busy Now

(Did It Ever Happen to You?)

"The line is busy now."

"Blank dash it, so am I!"

I want my party, wow!"

"The line is busy now."

"Well, ring 'em, anyhow."

"Blank dash it, you don't try!"

"The line is busy now."

"Blank dash it, so am I!"

Dangerous Combination

Gwendolyn: "What caused Marcia to divorce her husband?"

Genevieve: "A blue serge coat and a blonde-haired stenographer."

No Wonder

Father was annoyed. His expensive gold watch had failed him. It wouldn't go at all.

"I can't think what's the matter," he complained. "Maybe it needs cleaning."

"Oh, no, daddy," objected four-year-old Henry. "Cause baby and I had it in the bathroom washing it all day yesterday."



"Ain't seen ya hangin' round the Telephone Wire Club lately, Bill."

"Nah! I'm sick of hearin' those blame business men yellin' at me out the windows, 'Get off the line!'"

Well, Well, Well

He was a benevolent but near-sighted old gentleman, and, anyway, he had never studied up on feminine styles. She was a fair-haired mite of a girl he had encountered.

"Ah," he ejaculated, "such a sweet face! And whose little girl might you be?"

"Well, grandpop," she replied, "if you've got enough kale to make it interesting, I might be yours."

Presumably

Twelve-year-old William showed up at home in a rather badly battered condition.

"Oh, William," his mother cried, "you've been fighting with that Jones boy again."

"Howdja know, ma?" William inquired calmly. "Did they call in his relatives?"

Case for an Expert

Mr. Swivel was much perturbed to find that the three pounds of meat which he had purchased for dinner had mysteriously disappeared. His wife, aiding in the search and noticing what she took to be a guilty look on the face of the family cat, pointed to it, and said:

"There's the meat."

"Why, no," objected Swivel, "that little thing couldn't get away with three pounds of meat. Still, let's weigh her and find out."

They did so. The scales registered an even three pounds.

"Yes," he admitted in puzzled tones, "there's the meat all right, but where's the cat?"

Getting Rid of the Evidence

Judge: "Why did you stick your knife in this man?"

Prisoner: "Well, I heard the police coming and I had to hide it somewhere."

Not So Good

Perfectly Well Meaning Old Lady:

"Thank you so much for your song, my dear. It took me back to my childhood days on my father's farm, and when I shut my eyes and listened to your singing I seemed to hear the dear old gate creaking in the wind."

Epoch-Making

Teacher: "Willie, what great change occurred during the World War?"

Willie: "Pop bought Maw a new wash-board."

Presumably

Bible School Teacher: "What was the Tower of Babel?"

Bright Willie: "Wasn't that the place where Solomon kept his five hundred wives?"

Handy

Johnson: "Why do you like the stuff that Smith bootlegs?"

Jones: "It has the antidote printed right on the label."

The Ailment

It was just after the Armistice when discipline had been relaxed to a certain extent that a big colored soldier reported at sick call as being unfit to drill. Pressed for reasons, he explained that he had danced all night and that he was physically fini.

"Feet sore?" inquired the medico sergeant sympathetically.

"Nossuh," retorted the buck, "tain't dem. But mah shoulders hurt an' Ah kain't tote no gun."

All Too Often

"What really does happen when the irresistible force meets the immovable body?" inquired the Youth Who Yearned after Knowledge.

"Well, it's been my experience that the glass usually breaks," replied the Gloomy Traveler, who had spent many golden moments struggling with the refractory windows of pullmans, trolleys and ferryboats.

A Little Hint

Actor: "What are the rates at this hotel?"

Clerk: "Three dollars up. In your case three dollars down."

Total Blank

Kriss: "I don't think he knows much."

Kross: "I believe he doesn't even suspect anything."

In Bad Shape

The Professor: "I'm in bad with my wife again."

His Friend: "How's that?"

The Professor: "I called her dearie last night, and now she thinks I've been leading a double life."

Chance to Profit

Rafferty, of the Old Sod, and MacPherson, a Scot, were miners together. One day Rafferty accidentally emptied his pipe on a keg of powder and when he came down it was on the installment plan. Mac's grief was genuine, but finally he dried his tears and went off to notify Mrs. Rafferty.

"Is this the Widow Rafferty?" he asked when a woman appeared at the door.

"Tis Mrs. Rafferty I am, but no Widow Rafferty," she snapped.

A businesslike gleam came into MacPherson's eye.

"An' how much will ye bet?" he demanded.

Afraid for His Life

Blake: "You look worried, Jim, and terribly pale. What's the matter?"

Drake: "The dealer who sold me my second-hand car the other day said it would last me a lifetime."

New Jersey Starts In Where Uncle Sam Leaves Off

They're Making Strong Men out of Weak Ones at the Legion Homes for Convalescent Veterans of the World War

By John R. Tunis

EVERY noon after lunch the little stenographer used to sit a few minutes in Trinity churchyard watching the crowd hurrying up Broadway. Human beings always interested her, so she observed the hunched-up figure of the boy—a collarless, overcoatless, forlorn spectacle sitting on the bench that chilly November morning, his head sunk in his hands in a depressed attitude. All this she noticed, as well as his service button.

He was there the following day, and she sat down on the bench beside him. With difficulty she got him talking, and offered him part of her lunch. He refused it. The next day he took one sandwich. That sandwich or the one that followed started him off.

The muscles of one leg had been torn apart by a German bullet and the leg was useless. With his occupation gone (he had been a chauffeur), he had applied for training to learn another trade, and the Government heard his story and told him to wait. Having no relatives to go to, he waited in a cheap lodging house at twenty cents a night, wondering every day how long his money would last. Day after day he visited the offices of the Vocational Training Board. They, too, were awaiting action.

The little stenographer didn't get all of this that day, but she could see what the boy was up against. The next afternoon she didn't return to the office, but went to her home across the river in New Jersey, a most uncomfortable ex-service man in tow.

This was the beginning of a movement that has since become county-wide and state-wide, and may even assume nation-wide proportions. The story of this man was brought before The American Legion Auxiliary unit to which the girl belonged, that of the Ridgewood (New Jersey) Post. A small but competent committee was appointed to find out whether many similar cases existed.

First of all the committee found out that at the time—this was late in 1919—there were men in worse circumstances than the boy who had been picked up in Trinity churchyard. These were men who were awaiting action by the Vocational Training Board or the War Risk Insurance Bureau, men who had been examined and passed for training

or compensation, but were waiting for John J. Redtape to bring them home with a hit. Often they were penniless. There were also, the committee found, many men in hospital who were making no progress because of too much hospitalization. There were many suffering from disabilities of various sorts which they were unable to prove traceable to service, all men who were going backward instead of forward along the road to health and strength. The committee decided to act at once.

They began by taking a number of men from the larger hospitals around New York out to Ridgewood in autos for the week end. The idea was to get the patients away from the atmosphere of a hospital, to let them have a touch of home life, a taste of home cooking, to enable them to see that everything was not lost, that life still held something of interest for them. The ward surgeons saw how the patients picked up after each such trip and began to ask for more homes to be opened up, more autos to be sent in. The men lived only for their next turn.

In any new idea of this kind it is difficult to say who is responsible for its success or failure, but certainly the man who had the foresight to see the extent to which it might develop was A. E. Pattison, chairman of the New Jersey Department Hospitalization Committee of the Legion. And it was through his efforts that the following spring the post and the Auxiliary unit at Ridgewood, after months of discouragement, managed to rent a farm on the famous Chestnut Ridge for a period of two months. Here, amid

breezes from the hills, was established the first convalescent home in the

State, and it was so full and so successful that in 1921 the post decided to run one for the entire summer.

The old site was not available, and after the usual delays another farm was found on the top of the ridge, standing high over the village of Saddle River, and commanding a wide sweep of glorious countryside, with the Ramapo Hills in the far distance and the valley of the Saddle River below. Here in this hill country came the hospital-worn men from the big cities, the disabled and sick from the great industrial centers of the east, men awaiting action by the authorities in New York or New Jersey; all to spend quiet days of rest in the old-fashioned garden beside the house or in the hammocks in the scented apple orchard. The Veterans Bureau began to send out investigators to discover why men thrived so at Chestnut Ridge Farm.

By this time the idea had got out of hand, and through the efforts of Department Commander Joseph D. Sears a program was drawn up and is being carried out which is far reaching in its results. The entire State has been divided into five districts, each comprising four or five counties, and in each district a convalescent home is being constructed along the lines of the one at Chestnut Ridge.

Four of these districts have homes either erected or under way, and the fifth recently picked out its site. One is already running at Chestnut Ridge, a second, recently opened, is at Wildwood, on the extreme end of Cape May; a third is at Mendon, and the fourth is being located in the mountains at Huntsburg. These last two are to be opened next spring. The one at Wildwood is already as successful as the one

at Chestnut Ridge, for thanks to Byron Pennington Croker Post and the Wildwood Chamber of Commerce, the fine property of the Cape May Yacht Club has been bought and fitted up. Already Blesse Haven, the name of the house, is filled to capacity.

As the whole idea of the movement since its earliest days is to get away from the hospital atmosphere, none of these homes is to have more than fifty beds. None of them
(Cont'd on page 22)

Three thousand people went to Blesse Haven, The American Legion Convalescent Home for disabled World War veterans, when it was opened at Wildwood, N. J. The picture was taken just as the home flag was being raised





GEORGE F. JOHNSON, ENDICOTT, N. Y. Though not a Legionnaire himself, Johnson has not forgotten his more than two thousand employees who were in service. He is a firm and outspoken supporter of compensation for veterans and has given the posts in Johnson City and Endicott two beautiful new clubhouses.

ALBERT R. ATKINSON, JR., POST, DOYLESTOWN, PA. Because of lack of funds, the Playground Association of Doylestown was unable to make much needed repairs on the children's playground. About twenty-five members of the post donned overalls and jumpers and in two evenings' work had the equipment in first-class shape.

LYDIA WHITESIDE POST, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Not to be outdone by their men buddies in organizing and sponsoring Boy Scout troops, the nurses and yeomen (f) composing this post have organized a troop of Girl Scouts. That girls of foreign parentage particularly may become better Americans, the post furnishes the necessary finances, together with uniforms, and takes an active part in the direction of the troop.

ED CRAWLEY, SAN FRANCISCO (CAL.) POST. Crawley, former commander of San Francisco Post, decided that the "past" in front of the "commander" title of many San Francisco Legionnaires doesn't necessarily mean that they have passed their useful stage in the Legion. Therefore, he formed the Past Commanders' Association to "form a closer bond of fellowship between those who have been guiding spirits in the organization; for the social interchange of constructive thought; for a better understanding of the many problems which affect the destiny of The American Legion; for a closer feeling of fraternal unity between the individual posts." Eleven past commanders have joined. Monthly luncheon meetings are held and dues are voluntary as needed.

SOMERVILLE (MASS.) POST. The post ritual team is actively demonstrating the benefits to be obtained by the adoption of the official Legion ceremonials. Trips are being made to posts in neighboring communities to show how new members of the Legion should be initiated.

AUXILIARY UNIT OF WALTER LEE POST, WALLA WALLA, WASH., AND THE UNIT OF LOGAN WHEELER POST, YAKIMA, WASH. Immediately after the completion of the government hospital in Walla Walla, these two units proceeded with the furnishing of three reception rooms for the use of patients.

AUXILIARY UNIT OF LEO P. McNAMARA POST, IDA GROVE, IA. A good example of practical work among the youngsters is the organization of a boy's band. Thirty-five boys are enrolled and the unit is supporting the band financially and in every other possible way.

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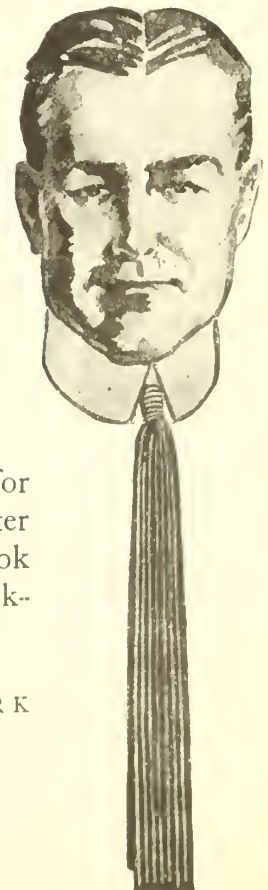
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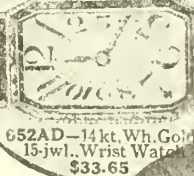
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Five there were first, then 125—and this year 253 climbers made the ascent with Hood River Post. Here they are at the first snow belt

Putting a Mountain On the Map

IT'S an heroic as well as a strange-sounding task that the Hood River (Ore.) Post has claimed for its own—no less than the job of putting a mountain on the map.

Mt. Hood has been geographically identified in the atlases for quite some time, of course. But its wild and mighty beauty is scarcely suggested in the hentracks which indicate that here rises a mountain.

Hood River Post set out to put Mt. Hood on the map in the same sort of way that its Washington neighbor, Mt. Rainier, is there; to make it a tourist Mecca, to the everlasting glory of the State of Oregon and the very practical advancement of the city of Hood River.

Members of the post have twice got far-reaching and spectacular publicity by arranging "Seeing Mt. Hood" climbs. But what has gone before will seem meager alongside the publicity bound to follow the 1923 climb. Hood River Post has gone right out after the newspaper space where it grows. Next year the Oregon State Editorial Association will make the ascent under Legion auspices—and

after that just watch what the papers say!

Mt. Hood, be it known, isn't a peak you can climb and be home for luncheon. Getting to the summit and back down again (considering Hood River to be the starting point) is a two-day proposition. That was discovered by the intrepid scouts which Hood River Post sent up into the high places when the idea of putting Mt. Hood over with the tourist public was first conceived in 1921.

The Legion committee made a complete circuit of the mountain. They passed over eight glaciers and came back four days later with the report that it could be done and was certainly worth doing; also with some hair-raising stories of climbs up the faces of ice cliffs, of human bridges swung over crevasses hundreds of feet in depth, of



Four days on the hoof with forty-pound packs—the committee which scouted out the climb stands on the roof of Oregon



Legion climbers on the second annual ascent of Mount Hood go over the top and start down again

avalanches of rock and snow that threatened to cut short the trip in a most unpleasant and positive way, of walls of ice to be conquered only by tunneling, and finally of adventures in the howling storm that drove the party from the mountain.

That all sounded good at home, and when Hood River Post set forth shortly afterward on the First Annual Mt. Hood Climb there were 125 men in the crowd. This year more than double that number turned out and went up—253, to be precise.

The first day of the climb finds the party a mile above sea level. At this

point a camp has been established and the evening is spent around a great camp fire. It is an evening of celebration. There is band music, singing and speaking. The next day is the hard day, for Mt. Hood stands 11,225 feet in its socks and the climbers go clear to the top.

But the trip is worth the weariness that is the price of admission. Even a single glimpse of the vast panorama of lakes and mountains and virgin forest would compensate any nature lover for his exertion, for in all the world there is no more marvelous view to be seen by human eyes.

A Legion Camp for Everybody



Thanks to a New Hampshire Legion post, anyone who climbs Mt. Kearsarge to see the sun rise can enjoy a warm bunk the night before

THINGS that are done because someone wants to—whether it's baking biscuits or making cake or what not—hit a spot in the heart which nothing else can touch. Lawrence O. Wilkins Post of Warner, New Hampshire, did a job of this sort—the kind that can't be bought—when it turned to awhile ago and put up a log cabin on the summit of Mt. Kearsarge.

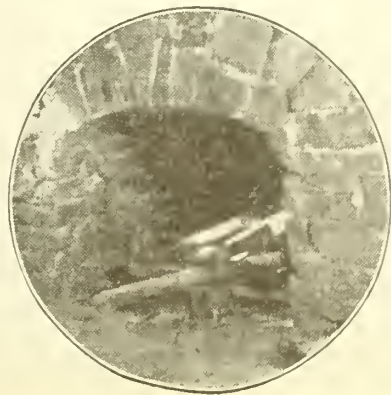
From the top of Mt. Kearsarge, which is near Warner, can be had one of the finest views in New England, where competition in beautiful views is stiff. But of all views which Mt. Kearsarge has to offer none is so beautiful as the one at dawn when the sun is slapping the first rays of the day across the mist-shrouded peaks of the surrounding ranges. The only trouble has been that in the past there hasn't been any place to sleep. And sleeping, there is the only way to be sure of being there in the morning, because it requires several hours to foot it up the rough trail which is the sole means of approach.

So Wilkins Post supplied a place to bunk—no ordinary place to bunk, but a cabin which is a work of love. See

here if it isn't. The land at the summit of the mountain has been taken over by the Society for the Preservation of New Hampshire Forests. Naturally the society had to make the first move. But with small funds at his disposal Forester Philip W. Ayers, its representative, had been cudgeling his brains for some time trying to find a means to provide the badly-needed shelter at the top of Mt. Kearsarge, and without much luck. Then he ran into the Legion outfit in Warner, and presto, his problem was solved.

With Buck Whitford, former A. E. F. Engineer, member, as the prime mover, Lawrence O. Wilkins Post turned out twenty strong for a cabin-building bee. Logs were cut, cement was toted up the old trail by the gunnysackful, and a cabin was built.

Twenty by fifteen feet, and built to withstand the fiercest winds that blow, describes the cabin itself. But the fireplace is where the fine touches have been put in. It is fitted up with a crane which is a genuine antique, and outside there is a stone stove, four feet square, with an iron top and two covers, and a stone shelf to keep hot dishes hot.



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Just a few hundred from among the thousands of visitors to the Fourth National Convention at New Orleans who attended the "French Night" festivities in the vicinity of Jackson Square. The building in the background is the Cabildo, the seat of government when Louisiana was Spanish soil. This photograph is one of the 140 convention pictures taken by the Weekly's official photographer, G. W. Stephenson, and for sale through the Weekly. See the Post Convention Number (November 10th), pages 24 and 25, for a complete list and description of photographs.

New Jersey Starts In Where Uncle Sam Leaves Off

(Continued from page 18)

is an institution in any sense of the word; it is a home, a real home, with a mother, books, home cooking, an easy chair, and a place to lie about in and do as you please. No attempt is made to usurp the functions of the Veterans Bureau, but the bureau has seen the value of the idea, and today each home could be filled up with cases from government hospitals. For the men that it does send the bureau pays at the rate of two dollars a day; for all other cases nothing is charged, the expense being borne by the county organizations of The American Legion.

Three kinds of cases benefit by this treatment. First are those hospitalized men who need only slight attention every day. This care is given by local doctors who visit the house each morning. The second class consists of men whose disabilities are not traceable to service and who are therefore not entitled to help from the Government. The third class includes those who are awaiting action by the bureau and are incapable of taking care of themselves. Through individuals, through Legion posts, through public and civic officials these cases are brought to the attention of the Legion authorities in New Jersey. And without any examination or red tape or questions asked the man is sent off to a home to recover his health. There is no "waiting for action" when the hospital committee of the State of New Jersey hears about a man in any of these circumstances.

How does it work out in the long run? Statistics would tell you of the number of so-called incurable cases the one camp open has healed in a year, of the men it has put on their feet, the men it has sent back to the hospital ready

to face an operation with a smile. But a visit to Chestnut Ridge tells far more than that. Around the house is an apple orchard with gardens of flowers in bloom. At the rear is a big barn equipped with a pool table and a floor ready for dancing. The house mother watches the game of pool that is taking place with as much interest as anyone, while the piano is saying it with music and outside under the trees a man with one leg is playing a game of croquet with a man on crutches. Suddenly they all stop, rush into the house and disappear shouting. Presently an auto turns in at the gate.

The lid is off. The whole crowd is on the porch. Bugles are blowing. Someone is beating a drum; others are pounding on tin pans with pokers; horns are shrieking and a saxophone is being played very badly and very loudly. In the machine sit several people, among them a self-conscious boy and a girl with reddening cheeks.

"They're welcoming Tommy Smith," explains the house mother. "He was married last month and he's bringing his bride back to visit the house."

The couple get out of the auto and move up the steps as the noise increases.

"We're very proud of him," the house mother is saying. "He took vocational training and went into the telephone company. Been there over a year now, and got several raises. Oh, he has a fine position. We're that proud of him—the first boy at Chestnut Ridge he was, too."

The first boy. And because it was their first boy they made a good deal of fuss over him; but he is only the first of a good many of the same kind.



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Your Bit in Checking T. B.

(Continued from page 11)

we can keep ourselves physically fit all the time. The seed cannot thrive where the soil isn't favorable. If we take care to get enough fresh air and exercise and sleep, have good working conditions and living conditions, and the luck keeps breaking our way, the presence of T.B. infection needn't give us much worry.

"But the luck doesn't always keep breaking our way. That lurking infection gets the chance to sandbag a good many of us. Therefore, a real campaign against T.B. must have, as one of its first objectives, ways and means to reduce the amount of infection prevalent. We must get at the source of that infection.

"We already know what the chief source of it is—germs from the spit of tuberculous patients. In a booklet this association distributes on 'What You Should Know About Tuberculosis' you will read: 'If we could collect and destroy all the spit of such patients and make them cover their mouths when they cough we could greatly limit or even almost wipe out the disease.' And that is the most important fact that everybody ought to know about T.B. infection. Remember that tuberculosis is a germ disease and do what you can to keep it from spreading."

Happily, education already has accomplished a great deal in this matter, the doctor adds. In general, those who are afflicted with T.B. today show more regard for the health of the rest of the public than tuberculous patients used to show, he declares. The spitter nuisance has become much less common since medical science has shown what a grave menace to the public health that nuisance is, and tuberculous patients more generally cover their mouths and noses when they cough or sneeze.

You hear next that other sources of tuberculous infection, too, are being more carefully guarded. Better housing, better working conditions, as well as better manners, now prevail. As a people we have learned a lot about proper ventilation and the importance of fresh air, and have come to understand that there is more than the half-truth of an epigram in the saying, "Sunlight is the best disinfectant." We have acquired more cleanly methods of handling food and dishes and table utensils. There are fewer dairies that vend milk from tuberculous cows—and extremely important is this, because the scientists find that no less than one-fourth of all cases of T.B. acquired by children under five years of age can be traced to cows' milk.

All these important things, and many seemingly less important—such as the growing popularity of sanitary drinking cups and towels—combine to give the new generation of Americans a better chance to escape infection. We're even learning to suppress the germ-laden goof who spreads his infection to helpless youngsters by inflicting kisses on them. In fact, goofs—both the wilful sort and the merely ignorant—are distinctly going out of fashion. And again you are bidden to note that as one happy result of the general spread of information on health topics, the death rate from the white plague has

been cut down 50 percent in a little more than a decade.

The doctor insists that there is nothing to fear from a tuberculous patient who has sense enough and regard enough for the health of his associates to take decent precautions against spreading the disease. T.B. would not be passed even from parent to child in a household that played strictly under hygienic rules; it is not hereditary.

But suppose we play out of luck and contract tuberculosis as a disease. At such times, when our powers of resistance are low, any of us may get sandbagged. Something that temporarily puts us down and out physically—exposure or illness or some kind of strain—may be the beginning of the trouble. It may leave us with symptoms that make us suspect that T.B. has got a start in our systems as a disease—such symptoms as a cough that obstinately refuses to be cured, along with a fever every evening, a loss of weight and appetite, digestive trouble and a way of tiring out more suddenly than we ever did before.

Then what should we do, and do quickly, before we get into deep waters?

The first answer to that is terse:

"Don't lose a minute in getting to a good doctor."

But suppose the fee of a good doctor is something we can't afford? That sometimes happens.

"Then," Dr. Shields answered promptly, "hunt up the free clinic in your town—or in some bigger place close by—conducted by the local health boards or T.B. associations. One of the reasons why a billion or more letters around Christmas time every year bear our Christmas seals is because the public supports our free clinics and other activities in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. Those seals are sold to fight tuberculosis in your community by every means possible. Only a small fraction of the money raised by those sales goes to the overhead of the national headquarters. All the rest is invested in battling with the plague in the State in which the seals are sold."

THE second of three things The American Legion is striving to accomplish as its part in the campaign against tuberculosis is, again to quote Mr. Sprague's brief letter:

(2) To help men in their own homes and communities to get well, if that is possible.

If you have followed recent issues of the Weekly closely you must have seen two articles bearing on that very subject. One of them was by Morton M. David, adjutant of the Department of Colorado—an earnest plea to ex-service men afflicted with tuberculosis to look before they leap, in "chasing the cure," to the climate of Colorado. He warns them against the dilemma in which they may find themselves if they land in Colorado penniless, hoping there to find "light work" while they recover. He reports that by the thousands other unfortunates have flocked there ahead of them and met with bitter disappointment. There aren't enough of such jobs to go around, and the Colorado department's treasury has gone broke in a futile effort to relieve the distress ensuing.



Straight advice from a self-made Executive!

Mr. R. H. McElroy, an executive of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, who climbed to a \$30,000 a year job from clerical work, says, in the *New York Times* of July 2, 1922:

"Any young man who has the right stuff in him, who is willing to work at his job and study after working hours, who will keep his eyes open . . . can achieve the same success that I and my associates have."

In a letter to the United Y. M. C. A. Schools, Mr. McElroy adds:

"I believe the correspondence and evening schools provide a splendid opportunity for the young man of limited time and means to prepare himself for a brilliant future."

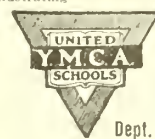
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The Denver Tuberculosis Society sounds the same note of warning in a widely distributed pamphlet titled: "Why Tuberculous Persons Without Funds Should Not Leave Home." At the conclusion of it, in emphatic type, the Society pleads:

Will not the anti-tuberculosis societies and the boards of health throughout the country plan a definite program to retain their own indigent tuberculous, to persuade them to enter their own state sanatoria or to take proper treatment in their own homes?

Messages of much the same tenor pour in from New Mexico and Arizona. Thousands of men, afflicted with the disease and having no funds to provide for necessary living expenses or care of any sort while they make the fight to recover their health, are reported to be dwelling in pitiful plight in tents and shanties on the outskirts of the larger towns and farther afield in the deserts. On a recent survey tour of these southwestern districts, field officers of the National Tuberculosis Association found hapless patients everywhere, many of them in desperate straits.

"And the pity of it!" Dr. Shields exclaimed. "Thousands of them enduring privation, loneliness and homesickness, and every sort of ache of the heart and of the body, hungry and untended—and all too many of them there simply because they did not understand that they would have been as well or better off in their own homes or communities, or in sanatoria in their own States. Lacking proper care, they lose the possible benefits of the climate. But, worse than that, hundreds and hundreds of them do not even know whether the climate to which they have 'chased the cure' is or is not the one best suited to the individual cases."

"Can a patient prescribe his own climate?" the interviewer asked.

"Emphatically, he cannot," the doctor answered. "He has about one chance in a thousand to guess it right. Even the doctors go wrong on it sometimes. And even if the patient does guess right, if he hasn't the funds to pay for the care that he requires when he gets to his destination, he will find himself—as so many thousands of unfortunates have done before him—worse off by far than he would have been at home. As Dr. John W. Flinn, at Prescott, once put it: 'If the patient must choose between the two, he should take the care and let the climate go.'

"More and more are we coming to realize what a tremendous amount can be accomplished toward a cure without the patient leaving his home. In that connection I'd like to quote a statement by Dr. E. R. Baldwin, from correspondence that passed between our office and Washington when the migration of ex-service tuberculous patients in search of health was first brought to the attention of what later became the Veterans Bureau. Dr. Baldwin, as an expert, declares:

"In the first place, I think there is an exaggeration in regard to the climatic treatment that has been traditional in the medical profession, and in the lay mind. Good results can be obtained, I think equal results, in a great many different climates, whether sunny, or dark, or cold, or wet, or hot. As a rule the patient is better satisfied in the long run if he is near his

family and has attractive surroundings with good food and diversions of some kind."

A passage from one of the latest books about tuberculosis—a book which appears to be both authoritative and simple enough in its language so that any layman can understand it and read it with profit—"Lessons on Tuberculosis and Consumption for the Household," by Dr. Charles E. Atkinson—states both sides of the controversy about the virtues of climate and comes to this conclusion:

Yet in some quarters this excessive faith in climate prevails today, despite the fact that time and experience have taught that there exists no climate having marvelous influence against the disease. Recently some persons have interpreted this fact as meaning that climate is of no material value in combatting tuberculosis; and therefore have neglected to obtain its moderate benefits. The truth is, climate is a valuable remedy, but is to be looked upon only as an aid to other, even more valuable measures.

THE third purpose that the Legion hopes to accomplish is:

(3) *To express the simple facts that are known about the local cure for tuberculosis.*

Chairman Sprague of the National Rehabilitation Committee points out in this connection that a great number of ex-service men are not now and will not be compensable for their T.B. disabilities by the Government. Men who contracted the disease and reported for examination by the government authorities in wartime or within two years after the date of their discharge papers are able to draw compensation, but the hundreds of new cases that have been developed since must depend upon their own resources. The Legion recognizes what a serious problem these men have to face, but all that the Legion can do for them now is to pass along to them a little advice from medical experts.

The first and most important piece of advice these medical experts offer is: "Urge these men strongly to look into the facts that are known about how they can get well at home or near their homes. Once they understand what the cure of tuberculosis chiefly consists of, they won't make so many fatal blunders as in the past."

It takes a thick book (for example, that by Dr. Atkinson, just quoted, has 470 pages) to describe in any detail such a highly technical subject as the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. A doctor is absolutely essential to direct the treatment of a case of T.B. We have seen that the patient himself cannot be safely trusted even to pick his own 'best climate.' Neither can the patient prescribe how much exercise he ought to take, or what his diet ought to be. Too technical a subject. Too much at stake to take chances. Don't gamble with a life and death affair.

So, first, see a doctor.

After you've seen the doctor, your chance of recovery will depend solely upon how faithfully you can carry out the instructions he gives you. He may not prescribe any drugs at all; and if he is a reputable physician he certainly will warn you that advertised patent medicine consumption cures are mostly bunk. Next he will explain, as Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk once did so concisely in a health letter:

A Year's Wear
or a New Pair Free

That's our guarantee of

Nu-Way

STRETCH
Suspenders

No rubber. Phosphor Bronze Springs give more, easier and lasting stretch and never rot. Always comfortable. Suspenders, 75c; Garters, 50c; Hose Supporters, 25c. Ask Your Dealer. If he hasn't them, send direct giving dealer's name. Look for guarantee on every pair.

Nu-Way Stretch Suspenders Co., Mfrs.
Dept. P-4811 Adrian, Mich.



AGENTS



FORD AUTO GIVEN

Besides Big Cash Profits

Not a contest or guessing scheme. A straight out business offer to men ambitious to make money and willing to work. We have men making as high as \$1,000 in 60 days selling

Super Fyr-Fyter

to garages, stores, hotels, factories, schools and homes. We train each man carefully, start him right, help him along, pay big commissions and offer a Ford Auto to hustlers without cost. Write us today—a post card will do.

The Fyr-Fyter Co., 1501 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS: \$7 a Day

New HOT-BLAST COAL-OIL BURNER



Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Uses common coal-oil.

Perfect for cooking, baking, heating. Absolutely safe. Cheaper than coal—more convenient. Installed in a few minutes. Fits any stove. Low priced. No capital needed. Write for terms.

U. S. MFG. CO., Dept. 306 COLUMBUS, OHIO

XMAS TREE OUTFIT \$15

ENJOY A SAFE CHRISTMAS—Don't Burn Dangerous Candles

Outfit: 8 decorated tungsten lights. Battery or house current. Complete 10 ft. extra wired attachment plug. Free 1 extra bulb.

16 Light Set—2 Bulbs Free—\$3.49

SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman \$1.75 when delivered. Send for FREE XMAS GIFT CATALOG.

UNITED LIGHTING FIXTURE CO., INC.
280 Bowery Dept. 600 New York City

AGENTS WANTED

Profits in advance. Sell Great Western All Wool Clothes. Two orders a day means \$60.00 weekly profit. Full or spare time. Established 30 years. New low prices. Express prepaid. Everything guaranteed. Tell us your selling experience and we'll send complete outfit FREE, charges paid. Do it now.

Great Western Tailoring Co., Dept. 38 Chicago, Ill.

Filters 4 Gallons in 5 minutes

THE FASTEST PORTABLE FILTER IN THE WORLD FOR GRAPE JUICE, CIDER, ETC., ETC.



Easy to operate and lasts for years. Fits any bottle or keg. HOME SIZE filters quart of water a minute, No. 11A \$8.00. LARGE SIZE filters gallon of water a minute, No. 11B \$15.00. PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY plus few cents postage. Money promptly refunded if not delighted.

The VACCU-FILTER SALES CO.
Dept. 11, 70 Fifth Ave., New York

Drugs have a limited range of usefulness. The cure of the disease, like its prevention, lies chiefly in fresh air, sunshine, good food, proper rest and sleep, avoidance of physical or mental exhaustion or harassing worry.

After that, the doctors say, it's up to you. Upon your own good sense, your will power and your pluck, the balance then depends; your chance to win is settled finally by whether it is physically and mentally possible for you to obey the doctor's orders. Thousands of tuberculous patients have won the fight for health right in their own homes, a neighborhood doctor advising them, a sleeping porch or a tent in the back yard as their only hospital equipment. Thus they got the fresh air and sunshine so essential to a cure, while they disciplined themselves to play strictly under the rules of the game.

Other thousands of sufferers who lacked that self-disciplinary will-power, or who were in too bad a state physically to risk home treatment, have fought their way back to life in nearby sanatoria, sometimes only a few miles from their homes, for T.B. sanatoria are everywhere, numerous enough to fill a good-sized directory. But what saved these hospital patients was nothing mysterious inherent in hospital treatment; they got well for the same reason that those others got well at home. That is, by the only cure possible—consisting chiefly of proper care, enough fresh air and sunshine, the right diet, the proper balance of rest and sleep and exercise, and the avoidance, in so far as was humanly possible, "of physical or mental exhaustion or harassing worry."

Contrast the lot of these men with that of the unhappy wanderers in the mountains and the deserts, lacking care, harassed by privations and homesickness! Contrast it—and look before you leap into the dark, "chasing the cure."

Of course, if you are rich enough to afford it, you may add the "moderate benefits" of a properly chosen climate to your other advantages as a person with a fat bank account who is in a hurry to win back his health. But remember that if you can't afford it, the soundest of all advice is to "take the care and let the climate go."

Wallingfords in (or near) O. D.

(Continued from page 8)

man. Civilians will be handled on a commercial basis." The "commercial basis," however, he admitted to me, means exactly the same profits as are offered a veteran.

In spite of his assertion that he must be assured that a salesman is a veteran, he made no effort to find out whether I had a discharge. For all the interest on this point I could detect, I might have been Bergdoll. From the foregoing it would seem that the statement that salesmen must be ex-service men is openly disregarded. Regardless of this, he apparently includes every salesman in the following declaration, the only original piece of writing in the whole issue that I saw:

In previous issues we have stressed the point that the best way to help the unfor-

\$2

FREE

Brings This Genuine Diamond RING for 10 Days FREE TRIAL



PEARLS

Resembles \$750. Solitaire

No Red Tape
No Delay

14 K

SET IN PLATINUM—MOST SENSATIONAL RING OFFER EVER MADE

Think of it—seven brilliant star-blue genuine diamonds massed by a secret process in a setting of solid platinum set so closely together that only close inspection will distinguish it from a solitaire valued at \$750.00. Shank of ring is 1.4 kt. solid gold.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

You take no chance—if it is not satisfactory at the end of ten days or if you can duplicate this genuine diamond ring in any jewelry store for less than \$65.00, your deposit will be refunded to you.

FREE "ROYALTON" PEARLS

We are giving an 18-inch strand of genuine Royalton pearls fitted with a solid gold clasp ABSOLUTELY FREE just to get you started as a customer. Retail jewelers charge \$15.00 for a similar grade. The quantity is limited so be sure to send your order today.

SEND ONLY \$2.00 AND RING AND PEARLS GO TO YOU IN A HAND-SOME GIFT BOX. CHARGES PAID. A WRITTEN GUARANTEE BOND AS TO QUALITY AND VALUE ACCOMPANIES EACH RING. AFTER 10 DAY TRIAL, PAY BALANCE \$1.65 A MONTH FOR 10 MONTHS. PRICE ONLY \$18.50.

FREE BOOK OF GEMS

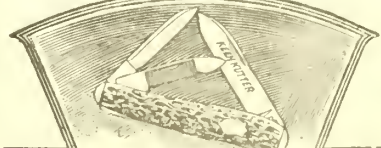
Most complete jewelry catalog ever issued of diamonds, watches and jewelry—newest designs at lowest prices. 10 months to pay on everything from our two million dollar stock.

Address Dept. 664
Established 1895

FREE PEARLS

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

35-37-39 Maiden Lane New York



Your Choice! Keen Kutter knives give you wide choice to select the exact knife that suits you. Keen Kutter quality is your best assurance of long satisfaction.



Simmons Hardware Company

KEEN KUTTER



ARATEX
SEMI-SOFT
COLLARS

*Pre-shrunk,
will not wilt, crack or wrinkle
—easily laundered*

35¢ each 3 for \$1.00

Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. Makers

U.S. Gov't Standard
10 1/2 Ounce O.D. Flannel Shirts

2 for \$5.39

WORTH \$5 EACH

Yes, you would be asked \$5 EACH for these wonderful WOOL FLANNEL Shirts at any store. Yet our sensational price is TWO for only \$5.39. Heavy wool flannel, two large button down pockets, DOUBLE ELBOWS. Cut extra full and roomy. Not a cheap mail order shirt but the kind sold in best stores at \$5 EACH or more. **SEND NO MONEY NOW.**—just pay postman \$5.39 plus postage for BOTH shirts. Money back QUICK if not completely satisfied. Only two shirts to a customer on this offer. Color, Khaki only. Sizes 14 to 19. Mail postal or letter NOW while this offer lasts.

F. V. FRANKEL, Dept. F.C.4311, 353 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

A Real Christmas Present

3 Beautiful Silk Knitted High-Grade Quality Neckties In An Attractive Box For Only \$1.50
3 different desirable designs. This low price is possible only because we manufacture and sell directly to the wearer. These knitted ties retail for \$1.50 each. Sent parcel post C. O. D. If not pleased money will be refunded.

KAZOON & COMPANY

801 Land Title Building Philadelphia, Pa.

MAKE MONEY!

Represent the

American Legion Weekly

We want live wires to take subscriptions

Only Legion Members Are Eligible

The coupon is your application—Fill out and mail to

The Circulation Bird

AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

627 West 43d Street

New York City

I want to represent The American Legion Weekly and take subscriptions. Please give me this chance to make money.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Legion Post:

tunate ex-service man is to furnish him with the opportunity to honorably obtain substantial recognition for his services in upholding the honor of his country and making the future safe for posterity. The services he performed and risked his life for and for which thousands of his comrades suffered hardships and lifelong disabilities and for which thousands gave their lives is deserving the highest gratitude and should be ungrudgingly given.

The object of "Veterans' Fun and Facts" is to offer to the public through the boys themselves the opportunity of expressing its recognition of their services and at the same time tide them over until better conditions prevail.

It's up to you, gentle public, to do your part. The boys are not looking for charity, but for appreciation . . . etc.

The first paragraph explains the "help the boys policy." The second says in so many words that you buy the magazine with the same thought in mind that you have when you give a beggar ten cents for a five cent pencil—charity.

"The Veteran," published at 852 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, lies between "Treat 'Em Square" and "Veterans' Fun and Facts" in standards of cheapness. On its cover, it proclaims, it is "published and edited by a World War Veteran," and that it "is sold by ex-service men as a means of support." Its editor, A. Feltman, announces that "ex-service men sell this magazine and feel it contains its full value and no charity is asked." To further substantiate its integrity, he adds: "no others but ex-service men sell this magazine." Bear that in mind for a moment.

I wrote to A. Feltman, definitely stating I was *not* an ex-service man and asked him for a job. In reply he said: "We can sell you the magazines at seven dollars per hundred if you want to call at our office with this letter."

Later I called. In the office besides Feltman—a sleek, well-groomed chap of twenty-five or six—were six men of whom only two had discharge buttons. Before I paid out \$3.50 to purchase fifty magazines, I distinctly said I was *not* an ex-service man and had never been in the army, navy or marine corps.

But I got the magazines! Before I left, however, Feltman took the letter he wrote me and forgot to return it—a precaution against legal complications, possibly.

I glanced over the September issue handed to me. A cheap cartoon ornamented the cover. There were three unsigned short stories and the rest of the thirty-two pages were given over to stale jokes and clipped cartoons.

"Where are you going to work?" Feltman asked me.

"Up around Nyack."

"Good stuff. Most of the boys are working the factory exits at night, theater entrances and ferry boats. Get 'em in a jam. You can sell from 150 to 200 copies a day. All the boys are."

All I can say is that if the "boys" are selling 200 copies a day at factory entrances and ferry boats, they are making a profit of \$36 a day, for the most part from men who draw less than that per week.

As I was leaving the office, a big, strong chap, apparently a salesman, said: "Goin' out to clean up, Buddy?"

When I affirmed his conclusion he demanded, glancing over me from head

to foot. "You goin' to work in that outfit?" He sniffed. I should have worn some part of a uniform, I suppose.

The "Disabled Veteran Magazine," published in Washington, D. C., does business on the same method as the others I have discussed, but it also has a new wrinkle—the obtaining of subscriptions by a card selling system apparently devised to increase profits all around. My dealings with "The Disabled Veteran Magazine" were by mail. After I had learned the basis upon which this publication is sold, I wrote to S. Lovenbein, the editor, saying I had a buddy who never had been in the service but who, nevertheless, also wanted to join me in selling his magazine. From the reply, which is reproduced with this article, you can gather how willing this publication was to enlist my "buddy" as a salesman.

There are many points of similarity between these several publications. Most of them assert no charity is asked. It seems suspicious that they should emphasize this fact. Why mention the subject at all?—unless there is truth in the accusation.

Their selling operations are uniform. Branch offices are opened in such cities as San Francisco, Boston, Dallas, Portland, Oregon, and Atlanta. Local managers are appointed who buy the magazines for seven or eight cents and resell it to agents for twelve and a half, taking a middleman's profit of four cents and a half. By this system, the magazines make their way into every part of the United States, not infrequently tending to change trust and admiration for the ex-service man into skepticism and indifference. Districts are mapped out, houses canvassed, citizens waylaid and assailed with verbose chatter until they produce the twenty-five cents or more. All of them plead that they are helping the ex-service man.

We have already seen who they help. Let us examine a little further into the extent of this help. The manager of a reputable printing house compiled the following cost estimate upon one of these magazines, basing his conclusions on an output of 80,000 a month:

Cost of paper, \$1,200; linotype charges, \$128; make-up cost, \$32; presswork, \$650; cover, \$240; cuts for illustrations, \$200; cost of illustrations, \$50.

Allowing a wide margin in figuring incidentals and overhead, the total cost was set at \$2,500. The total revenue at eight cents a copy amounts to \$6,400. Subtracting \$2,500 from \$6,400 leaves \$3,100.

Each of the publications I called upon placed its circulation at from 100,000 to 200,000. A highly conservative estimate of their total circulation is, say, 230,000 copies a month. At this rate they gather \$57,500 per month, \$690,000 per year from Mr. Citizen's pocket, and I called upon only a fraction of the publications in existence.

This would seem to indicate that patriotism, if properly used, is a paying proposition. The New York World says that George Williams, a part-owner in "Treat 'Em Square," bought sundry automobiles and furnished a luxurious apartment without recourse to "the dollar down and dollar when I catch you" method. Neither Williams nor another part-owner of "Treat 'Em Square" is an ex-service man the

World stated, incidentally.

Being as charitable as possible in our conclusions, we cannot but say that these selfish, highly commercial ventures are barnacles clinging to the hull of the real veteran organizations and slowing up their progress in public esteem and national achievement.

A good name, as Shakespeare said, is priceless. When in 1918 and 1919 the five million odd veterans paraded Main Street beneath fluttering flags and triumphal arches, their reputation was at the zenith. It was something to look upon with pride, a monument of admiration erected in the heart of Americans. The silver and bronze buttons were open sesame into the respect and confidence of everyone.

But in 1922 there parades Main Street in a part-uniform to which he may or may not have due title, another person, living on that reputation and chipping it away, piece by piece. Each chip a twenty-five piece for a selfish purpose! Each chip turning that monument of reputation into gold to fill a selfish pocket. And because you and I helped build that good name, methods of saving it supersede all other considerations with us.

Out in Ohio, not long ago, the Franklin Post of The American Legion investigated a salesman who said he was an ex-service man and found that he had never seen a training camp. As a result they are now petitioning the legislature for a bill to prohibit the sale of all of these "help the boys" magazines within the borders of the state. That is one way of combating this evil.

The Comeback Club of Columbia University, composed of two hundred disabled veterans taking vocational training, had passed a resolution deploring the existence of these "glory-grabbing" and money-grabbing magazines and has pledged its members to stop every salesman they encounter and have him arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses if he cannot show a discharge. This is another and by far the best method of saving our good name.

If each American Legionnaire constitutes himself a committee of one to investigate the record of every salesman of these magazines who approaches him, the impostors would soon be weeded out.

So far legal opinion indicates that the publishers are usually within the law in their transactions. Like a fake paralytic selling for ten cents a package of court plaster which cost a penny, they are within the law because they give something—even if it is not much. Yes, they are within the law.

But so was J. Rufus Wallingford!

THE following exhibits are appended to Mr. Panton's article as proof of the fact that a man does not have to be a bona-fide veteran to become an agent for the publications concerned:

This is from a letter written to the editor of *The Veteran*, published in Brooklyn, New York:

"I saw in your magazine where you needed men to sell your magazine on commission. I would like to apply for the job. My home is in Elmira, N. Y., but I have not been there in some time. I note that you say in your advertisement that only ex-service men are given jobs. I was registered in the draft, but not taken because I had a leaking heart. I can't work now on account of it. Do you only take fellows who were in the army during the war?"

Rich Silk Seal Plush Coat

\$1

Real Fur Collar and Cuffs

Down

Be dressed in the very latest style! Send the coupon below and only \$1 for this handsome black silk plush coat with real fur collar and cuffs. A wonderful bargain; lined throughout with fancy pattern venetian of excellent wearing quality. Shapely collar as well as cuffs are of beautiful dark brown Coney fur, all of fine selected pelts. Can be worn loose back or full-belted all-around with self belt tying in sash effect in front. Sizes 34 to 44. Length, 40 inches. Order by No. F-44. Terms \$1, with coupon, \$4.35 monthly. Total price \$26.95.

Six Months to Pay!

Use the credit we offer as thousands do and save money. Send only \$1 with the coupon below for this latest style silk seal plush coat. Money back if you ask for it. If you are delighted with the coat and wish to keep it, you may pay the balance in small monthly sums so small you will scarcely miss the money. Only \$4.35 a month pays for this coat. An easy and delightful way to secure a plush coat with real fur collar and cuffs. Buy the Elmer Richards way. Just send the coupon today.

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 7708 - West 35th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

I enclose \$1. Send me Silk Plush Coat No. F-44. Size.....
If I am not delighted with the coat, I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise, I will pay easy terms, \$1 with coupon, \$4.35 monthly, total price, \$26.95.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Write for FREE Catalog showing other styles

No C. O. D. Charges to pay

Wanted!

Railway Mail Clerks

\$1600 to \$2300 Year
HUNDREDS NEEDED

Every Ex-Service Man Should Write Immediately

Steady Work. No Layoffs. Paid Vacations.

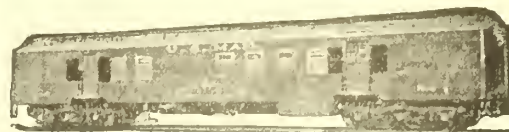
Common education sufficient.

Ex-Service Men get first preference.

Send coupon today—SURE.

Name

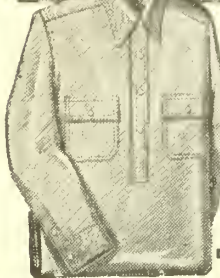
Address



Franklin Institute, Dept. L185, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions, (2) Schedule showing places of all coming U. S. Government examinations; (3) list of many Government jobs now open; (4) Information regarding preference to ex-service men

ARMY STYLE 2 Flannel Shirts 3⁹⁸ PURE WOOL MIXED



Here is one of the greatest bargains you ever saw. Two flannel shirts worth \$3.00 each—only \$3.98 for TWO! Each shirt has TWO large button-down pockets; double yoke, reinforced seams, double stitched throughout. Cut extra full for comfort and wear. Send no money now. Pay postman only \$3.98 plus postage on arrival. Your money back AT ONCE if you are not DELIGHTED. Publisher's guarantee protects you. Colors, gray or khaki. Sizes 14 to 17. Specify size and color. Write NOW. Only two shirts to a customer during this SALE.

F. V. FRANKEL
Dept. F84312, 353-5th Ave.
New York City

60% of Market Price

Will Buy Diamonds Here

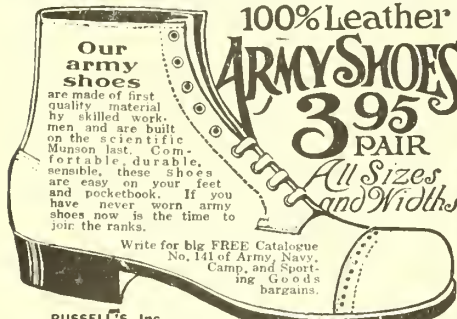
This 5/16-1/16 Ct. perfectly cut diamond, a snappy, blazing solitaire, at \$42.65 among bargains in our lists. See the many big amazing values some as low as \$50.00 per Carat, other higher per Carat bargains. This 75 year oldest largest Diamond Banking firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains. Must sell NOW.

Why Pay Full Prices

Costs Nothing To See Any Diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you. Latest Listings—Unpaid Loans. Sent Free. Write Today. Describe Diamond Bargains in Detail, gives cash loan values guaranteed. Explains unlimited exchange privileges. Cos. De Roy & Sons, 9092 De Roy Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Only Opposite Post Office



This Ring \$42⁶⁵
3/4-3/8 Carat
Perfectly Cut



RUSSELL'S, Inc.
245 West 42nd St., New York

Agents—Big Money

Brand New Oil Burner



Fits any heating stove. Easy to install. No plumbing or pipe fitting necessary. Burns common (coal oil) Kerosene or distillate. Cheapest fuel known. Set burner on grate of stove—turn on oil. Regulate by valve. Simple, safe, clean. Nothing to get out of order.

Five Year Guarantee

A new invention that has perfected the method of burning oil in any heating stove. Our agents having wonderful success. No experience necessary. Work spare time or full time. Big money every day. Write for agency. Jennings Mfg. Co., Burner 104 Dayton, Ohio

MINSTRELS

Musical Comedies and Revues, with full instructions for staging. You can stage your own show with our books. Full line of plays, music, cross-fire, monologues, afterpieces, vaudeville acts and make-up. CATALOGUE FREE.

T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept 66, Chicago

PATENTS and TRADE-MARKS

As one of the oldest patent firms in America, and representing a clientele extending to all parts of the country, we afford Inventors and Manufacturers, at lowest consistent charges, a service noted for efficiency and results, evidenced by many well-known Patents and Trade Marks of extraordinary value. Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Washington, D.C.

ESTABLISHED 1869
Our book Patent Sense Free

The Veteran announces conspicuously on its first page of text that "no others but ex-service men sell this magazine," but this reply was received:

"We can sell you the magazines at \$7 per hundred if you want to call at our office with this letter.

"(Signed) MR. A. FELTMAN."

There is an indication of how the money is made and divided in this letter from *The Disabled Veterans Magazine*, Washington, D. C.:

"Dear Sir:

"Your letter of July 24 has been received.

"We do not hire men on salaries to sell our magazines. We sell you the magazine for \$7.50 a hundred, or \$60 a thousand. Then you sell single copies for 25 cents. That gives you 19 cents profit on each copy you sell, and as you said, you ought to be able to dispose of quite a number of magazines where you are located.

"Then we have a paid-in-full receipt. I am inclosing a sample of these receipts. These receipts are sold for \$1 each and this entitles the purchaser to one year's subscription to the magazine. This is the only way they can get the magazine for that price, which is less than nine cents a copy. Our agents are doing very well with these receipts.

"You may have cards like the one inclosed for just half of what you collect on them, which makes 100 percent profit for you, and you should have no trouble in selling 20 or 30 a day. We have agents now who are selling that many and more.

"I really think that you would like the receipts better than selling single copies of the magazine, after you once tried them. You will have to carry only one copy of the magazine along to show your customers. When you explain to them, that by buying a receipt they can get the magazine so cheaply and at the same time help you, I think you will find the public ever ready to purchase subscription receipts.

"You may order in small amounts to begin with so that you will be able to pay for them, and as fast as your supply runs low you may wire us for a new supply. You are not so far away so that it will not take long for the magazines and receipts to reach you.

"If you wish an order shipped to you at once, wire your order and remittance together. This will expedite the shipment.

"Yours truly,

"(signed) S. LOVENBEIN, Editor."

Again, the question of whether a salesman must be a veteran. An excerpt from a further query to Mr. Lovenbein:

"I have a buddy who was not in the army because he had a bad heart but

wants to go with me and both of us work from town to town selling these magazines. He has got enough money to allow us to buy about 1,000 copies but as your magazine is only supposed to be sold by ex-service men I told him I did not think he could get a job. Could you tell me whether he could get a job whether he is an ex-service man or not?"

The reply:

"Dear Sir:

"I have your letter of August 9, which arrived just a few moments ago.

"In regards to your 'buddy,' it will be perfectly all right for you two to work together, and I think that by working together you probably could do better than working singly. In this way you can work factories, theatres and other such places where there are a large number of men employed."

From another letter from *The Disabled Veterans Magazine*:

"The National Disabled Soldiers League of Jersey City, N. J., has adopted this magazine as their official publication. The War Mothers Society is also backing it. This ought to make it easier than ever for you, working in the territory of New York.

"I am sending you a sample of the paid-in-full receipts, which I think will be even better for you than selling single copies of the magazine. The way our men in New York and New Jersey are doing is like this: They go to the employer of a factory and ask permission to address the employees during lunch hour, then they pass out the factory slips and have them signed. The men don't give their dollar then but it is taken out of their salary and is sent in a lump sum to us, and then we send you half of it. It is really no difficult matter to get from 50 to 100 signers in this way, which means from \$50 to \$100 during one interview. The men who are doing the biggest business are working along this line. And with the National Disabled Soldiers League back of you, you are sure to find it quite easy.

"I quite agree with you. The proposition does sound interesting, and if you go after it right, it is interesting, for it is always interesting to collect dollars. Now that you know that it is all right for your friends to work with you, I shall expect to hear from you in a very few days. To expedite matters, just wire your remittance and order at the same time. You can order receipts and we will send you magazines as samples to use with them, if you would prefer doing that than selling the magazines, and I really think that you would find it a much better plan.

"Very truly yours,

"Disabled Veterans Magazine,

"(signed) F. E. SHOOP, Sales Manager."

The Best Post in the State

(Continued from page 14)

hind Americanizing the Italians—but with no more enthusiasm than it had for the Boy Scouts now. It was plain who would have to do the Americanization work.

About six weeks later, Dr. McLean got up and told the boys a few things they needed to hear. He apologized for taking it upon himself, as a new member, to criticize. But he said that it seemed a shame to see such a general apathy to the worth-while things, such a tendency to make the meetings and the post itself purely social. He said, further, that the Legion stood for backing up the government, and for law enforcement. Everybody knew there was a law against gambling, and that in general it was enforced. But here we were, running a crap game after every meeting.

"I've seen a good many things worse

than rolling the bones," he told us. "I've let a good many crap games run, while I was in the army, that I should have broken up, according to regulations. But it seems to me wrong that we use a meeting of the post to afford an excuse for the dominoes. How can the post set up, as a part of the Legion, to tell other folks to obey the law when we are breaking it here every week?"

"I think it ought to be stopped here. If you want to shoot crap, go some place else; I suspect you could get Bill McGee to let you run your game over at his garage. But it's all wrong here in the post meeting." And then he sat down.

Before anyone else had a chance to say anything, Jim got up. "You fellows have all noticed that some of the boys don't come around here until

after meeting," Jim told them. "That looks to me as though they are coming for the crap game. Apparently they have no interest in the post, but merely in what follows. And I say that it ought to be stopped."

So then I addressed the commander. Certainly this ought not to go in the minutes, I declared, but we ought to pass an informal resolution that there be no more gambling of any sort. And my resolution passed!

Somehow, that put McLean way up in everyone's estimation. And they began to look to Jim with more respect than he had been getting. First thing you know, it was time for another election. Without any organized effort, we elected Jim commander, and Dr. McLean vice commander.

Almost immediately, things began swinging back into line. The Boy Scouts began functioning as they had before, and the Americanization work went ahead under the vice commander. Even some of the laziest men in the post snapped into it and began helping—and, once they had a taste of it, discovered that the sensation was rather pleasant after all. When Decoration Day rolled around, we put on a real event, profiting by the experience we had had two years before. Likewise the Fourth.

And folks began once more to talk about the Legion, and what value the post was to the town. The weekly paper began asking for material for a Legion column—and I have been giving them two or three thousand words every week. We got back all our old prestige, and a lot more for good measure.

So, after a year of that, they elected McLean commander, and shanghaied me as vice. Everything has continued to go well, or better than that. All the stunts we had worked previously have gone onto the calendar as regular occurrences. And we have added a few others for good measure. For instance, McLean got his elders to consent to using the Sunday School room of the church for a sort of community center during the week, daytimes and evenings. Then we went over and talked the town board into buying some gymnasium equipment, and a motion picture projector. The first thing you know, we had the place filled with all the kids in town during the daytime, and the Board of Education hired a full-time teacher to run the physical culture there for the school classes and for the whole town. Just last week the post got hold of some Signal Corps film, and gave a free movie for the town.

Now the fellows who were most against activity of the right sort are with us 100 percent. Even Al, lazy as he was, discovered it is not half bad fun to go out with the Scout troop on hikes—and he does it regularly.

Nobody knows, except Jim and me—and McLean, whom we afterwards let in on the secret—that Dad Barnes is really the man responsible for what has happened to our post in the last two years. But, just the other day, Dad came along to a meeting. He sat through the first part of it, and finally he got up.

"Mr. Commander," he addressed the chair, "they do say I've got quite a reputation for telling the truth, considering the fact that I'm an old fellow. You know, I was up here two years ago and I thought I had never



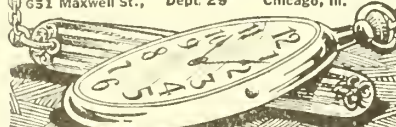
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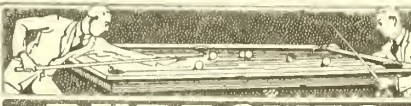


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seen a post so gone to the dogs. I was up here a year ago, and you had certainly improved. But, Mr. Commander, let me tell you and the rest of the boys, that in my opinion you now have here the best post in the State for its size."

And, you know, I think Dad was telling the truth!

Arms and the Young Idea

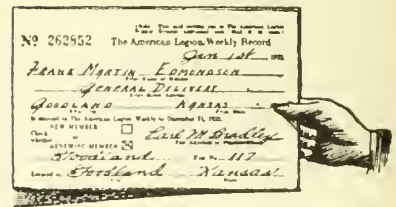
(Continued from page 6)

which their military and naval might bears to the military and naval might of the governments which would oppose their policies.

If this is a fair statement of the condition of the world today, then, whether we like it or not, it follows as a logical conclusion that we must preserve the efficiency of our might, if we would defend our rights against the encroachment of any government inaugurating an unjust policy of aggression directed at us. If this be true, then in the work of keeping our might effective we must remember the dominating importance of the human element, and in no way can the human element in war be made more effective in its morale than by the inculcation in the minds of the youth of the land of the spirit of sacrifice, of love of country, and of respect for those who have sacrificed in the past for the common good. Therefore, the time is not yet ripe for implanting in the minds of our school-boys and school-girls an abhorrence of war, under all circumstances. The time has not yet arrived when self-preservation will permit us to acclaim, as we should otherwise like to acclaim, a sincere and practical allegiance to the true spirit of Christianity. For some further period of time, apparently, we must continue to live as Christians, in theory only, at least so far as our readiness to participate in organized and wholesale homicide is concerned.

If, therefore, it is unwise to permit what might be called the spirit of pacifism to color the lives of our school children at this time, why, it may be asked, would it not be logical and a measure of efficient preparation to breathe into their impressionable hearts and souls a real Spartan spirit of service to country, a sense of unquestioned obedience to government will, a determination to suffer any sacrifice and to go the full route, wherever it may lead, to make effective the government might in the enforcement of the government will?

Such is the conception of education as it would be established by the God of War. On the basis of such education does militarism thrive. No, as in every other practical problem of life, there is a practical and reasonable solution. Without glorifying war, and while accentuating justice and peace, we can educate our schoolboys and girls to have an understanding of the problem of war and peace: that while the governments of the world remain unfederated for the maintenance of world order, there will always remain the danger of war, and that while that danger does remain, prudence, common sense, and a regard for all that we hold worth while demands a reasonable readiness to participate in any war that may be necessary to make that regard effective.



Here's a Buddy Who Paid His Dues Early

Comrade Edmondson was the first to pay his 1923 dues. In early October his cards went forward from Goodland, Kan. That is one little detail off his mind—one detail that is correct. He won't have to pay out the jack around Christmas when money is scarcer than French presents at the Kaiser's wedding. Edmondson has clear sailing for another year. There's no I.O.U. of his around post headquarters. He will get no letter from the post adjutant jogging his memory about his renewal fee.

In making things easier for himself, Edmondson made things easier for his post officers. They give valuable service and often their only reward is the satisfaction of keeping their work up with the entire Legion schedule. And this year posts will try to have all renewals in by January 1. The time and thought they have to give to collections long overdue will, under this new plan, be turned to more constructive measures.

When Edmondson paid his dues early, he did a good turn for his State and National Headquarters. He made the whole machinery of the Legion a more effective unit.

At the headquarters of The American Legion Weekly, his name went on the circulation books as a reader for 1923. He thus aided in averting a jam in this department which always comes with the heavy flood of cards in the first three months of a year. If he had paid no dues until March, the chances are that he would have been dropped from the subscription rolls—and along with thousands of other delinquents would have caused a formidable slump in circulation and a consequent falling off in advertising revenue.

You, too, Buddy, can help your outfit gain this renewal objective by January 1. Pay your dues today. Show the bunch who are working for you that you are with them.

In the old service days, everyone had to be all set at the zero hour. And that's the way we want to be when 1923 dawns. If we can go over the top armed with a flock of dues receipts it will be the best hop-off the Legion has ever made at the beginning of a new year.

Edmondson started the ball rolling. Help keep it going.

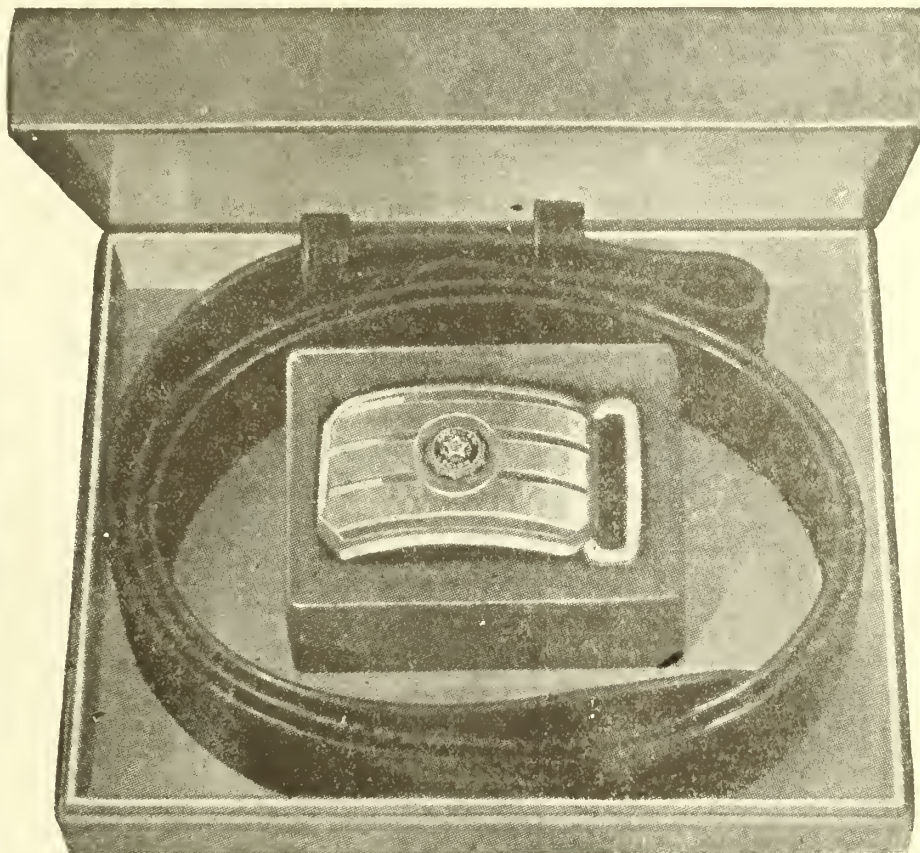
Fall In for Dues—Line Has Already Formed for 1923

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"Good-Bye - I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"

But he isn't glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he had just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?

He couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

What Was His Blunder?

Do you know what his blunder was? Do you know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you?"

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which

the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say we hesitate—and blunder. Often we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Just a Few of the Chapter Titles

A Plea for Dancing
Automobile Etiquette
When the Bachelor Is Host
Tipping at the Hotel
Woman in the Business World
A Trip to the South
At Tea-Room and Roof Garden
The Origin of Manners
Announcing the Engagement
Responsibility for the Wedding
How to Acknowledge an Invitation
When to Introduce—and How
Asking a New Acquaintance to Call
The "Bread-and-Butter Letter"
The Chaperon
Self-Confidence Versus Conceit
The Endless Round of Hospitality
Guests and Their Duties
The Young Country Miss
Why the Shy Are Awkward
Planning Surprises

—and countless other fascinating chapters that you will read and reread many times and find permanently helpful to you.

with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

Famous Book of Etiquette in Two Volumes, Sent Free for 5 Days' Examination.

You have heard of the Book of Etiquette, of course. Perhaps you have been wish-



ing that you could see it, examine it, read one or two of the chapters. Perhaps, even, you have had a secret desire to have your very own little problems solved for you by this famous, authoritative work.

Here is your opportunity to read, study and examine the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette absolutely without cost. For 5 days you may keep the set and examine it at our expense. Read the chapter on wedding etiquette, on the bride's trousseau, on speech, on dancing. Don't miss the chapter called "Games and Sports" and be sure to read about the origin of our social customs—why rice is thrown after the bride, why black is the color of mourning, why a tea-cup is given to the engaged girl.

You be the judge. If you are not thoroughly delighted with the Book of Etiquette, if you do not feel that a set should be in your home—in every home—just return it to us and the examination will not have cost you anything.

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